Of Instincts and Transgressions

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Of Instincts and Transgressions

by wyldefire

Summary

“You hunger for it, don't you? You hunger for release. Hunger for blood. Hunger for the slaughter. You are tired of being a wolf among sheep, struggling against your primal carnality for their sake, aren't you? You don't want to hide beneath layers of your humanity. You don't want to assimilate. Nor should we. Conformity to the masses is conformity to sheep. We are a higher race, you and I.” Hannibal murmured, his voice almost like a spell, luring him into the dark.

“We were them once. Both of us. We were human once.” Will whispered beneath sinking eyelids and his own hazy mind.

“And we have evolved.”

Daily Doses of Faux Affliction

"This is 107.5, the Breeze. Your classic rock station. Up next, we've got Warren Zevon's 'Werewolves of London.'"

The piano began to play the familiar tune, simple and lighthearted and nostalgic as Will pressed down on the pedal, speeding through the backroads. Jack would be pissed for this one, but the sun was setting and there was someone - or something - on the loose. He was their best option for this one.

Jack liked him for his brain, but Will had more than a good imagination on his side. Of course, no one would let him use this gift, this curse, this *thing,* this thing that most chocked up to fiction. And perhaps a few years ago, Will would've chocked it up to fiction himself. And after it happened, he had figured that it had to be some sort of cosmic joke. Love dogs so much you fucking become one.

He tried not to think so much about what he was. Thinking too much led to some untasty thoughts. Untasty thoughts inspired forts, and forts were exactly what his therapist had told him to break down. Accepting what you are, embracing it, that bullshit. But Will Graham wasn't quite ready for that. It had been years, but accepting it, embracing it… No.

"If you hear him howling around your kitchen door / Better not let him in / Little old lady got mutilated late last night / Werewolves of London again."

Will had grown up on this song. Driving through the dark, beaten paths, he let himself mutter along with the words of the familiar tune. Ironic, really. Fucking ironic. And yet, it remained an old favorite that he still knew every single goddamned word to.

It was dark, no light except from that of the moon and his headlights, and even the dim light of the moon in the sky dipped and swayed out of sight behind the clouds. He drummed his fingers against the wheel, looking for something, waiting for something. The murders were spread out all over these woods, and no matter how many police, no matter how many guards, the bastard always got away and disappeared without a fucking trace.

The first murder had been Sloth. Patrick Finch, to be exact. He had been a con artist, stealing from others rather than working to hold his own. A lazy man. Had his legs cut off for not using them, for sitting on his ass all day, conning people out of their money over the Internet, refusing to do the hard work. And, of course, upon further examination, it was discovered that nearly all of the blood in his body had been drained.

The second had been Greed. A fat, cruel man who stole from his employees to buy himself more toys, a man by the name of Cordell Scythe. His fingers had been methodically sliced off and stolen, just like Finch's legs, just *missing.* Money grabbing fingers, penny-pinching fingers. Fingers that stole, fingers that hoarded. Selfish hands. And just like the first, his body had been drained of blood.

The third had been Wrath. This man was Addison Kergil's husband, a woman who had gone to the hospital at least once a month for the past 3 years, coming in for broken ribs and black eyes and torn corneas and two brutal miscarriages. Kyle Kergil had been an angry man, and for his wrath his spine had been taken from him. Spineless fool, hiding behind fists and screaming. And, just like clockwork, his blood was completely drained, leaving nothing but a sack of skin and bones.

The fourth had been Envy. A religious extremist who kept his wife hidden away, refused to let the world see her face. A woman with potential hidden in a closet to do nothing but cook and clean and fuck. His name had been Walter Cassidy, and his head had been cut open and his brain had been taken, taking his for not letting his wife use hers.

This Seven Deadly Sins Killer, as they were calling him now, had struck every Sunday night, just before midnight, for the past month. He dumped the bodies, or rather presented them, tied to trees in the same woods each time, no matter how much surveillance. And no one could seem to find him.

It was 11:39 p.m. on a Sunday night. And Will Graham was going to find this son of a bitch.

He drummed his fingers anxiously against the steering wheel along with the music, muttering along to the tune as it continued to play. He could hear the rumble of tires beneath him, the flutter of animals through the bushes, the occasional tweeting of an insomniac bird. Hearing this killer, unless there was the scream and struggle of the victim, wasn't going to happen through the other noises, so he opted to crank the noise up a bit louder. This bastard was persistent, and he wasn't going to be stopped by the sound of music and a car, especially with all of the cops patrolling anyways. No, there were other means of finding this SOB other than hearing.

His scent was far more powerful. Better at distinguishing. Of course, his hearing was more advanced as well, but things tended to blur together. Scents, however, they didn't blur. They were sharp. They were distinct. Especially the scent of blood.

Like metal and life and flesh and sustenance. He'd started craving it almost immediately, before he changed for the first time, before he realized what had happened. He'd noticed the gashes on his arm, the gashes that had changed him, the gashes that had made him what he was. Deep down in his flesh, down until it struck his bone, the scars still bright and pink and evident in his forearms. The smell of his own blood struck his nose, and before he could even realize what he was doing, his tongue was pressed against his wound, lapping up the blood until it was dripping from his mouth. And the cravings didn't go away. Of course, humans were off limits, but…

He sniffed the air, the very thought of blood having his stomach rumbling. Nothing.

Some sick sense of disappointment filled him, but he pushed it away, knowing the reviling nature of his instinctual desire and shoving it down, choking on it as it forced its way down his throat. He was hungry, hadn't eaten anything fresh in weeks. It was getting close again, when he wouldn't be able to hold it back, and he would have to give in. The moon was waxing gibbous, not quite full but getting close. He had maybe a week. Normally he tracked the lunar phases exactly, making sure to know exactly when it would happen so that he had

time to prepare. Get Alana to take the dogs, find a place in the woods outside of his house, make sure that someone knew to come looking for him if he didn't call within a couple of days. But he'd been… Distracted, to say the least.

It was like the Hulk on crack. Stronger than the goliath, inhuman strength granted to a dog. His legs ran faster than the Hulk, his teeth were sharp enough to tear grown men to shreds, leaving nothing but blood-stained snow. And most of all, Will had no cognitive ability during this time. It was as though someone had poured a liter of acid into his brain and everything was going into overdrive, only getting a few flashes here and there but mostly just static. Will Graham became nothing more than a beast.

He forced the thoughts down and focused on the music when he caught a whiff.

Like metal. Like death. Like *food.*

Will immediately put on the brakes, pulling over off of the beaten dirt path and putting it in park, not bothering with the key and immediately bolting out of the car, the door nearly swinging off of the hinges with the force behind his touch. The smell quickly became overwhelming, as if filling the air around him until it was smothering and choking him, leaving him hungry and desperate. He dug his nails into his palms as he began to run toward the scent, just barely able to distinguish the direction, but finding it easily enough. Feet thudded against the ground, pounding through the grass and the dirt and echoing to the very core of the earth as he bolted, leaping over roots and dodging bushes as he sprinted toward the smell…

Then is was *right there* and he bared his teeth as his instincts began to take over and…

Nothing. There was nothing there.

It was strong, so strong, so overwhelming, but he saw nothing. He felt his mouth begin to water as he looked around, head beginning to spin and eyes beginning to blur as he trembled. There was nothing but the moonlight fluttering through the leaves and the dirt on the ground, bushes and leaves and dirt and *nothing.*

Until his eyes caught sight of pale skin and red eyes. A hand on the ground and red piercing eyes glowing through the dark Hiding in the bushes, trying to disguise himself. Will couldn't see the bastard's face, too cloaked in shadows to make any distinctions, just the pale skin of a hand and his eyes piercing through the darkness.

Him.

Their eyes met for a long moment. One second. Two seconds. Three seconds. Four seconds. Five seconds. Ten seconds. Twenty seconds. Thirty.

Will wasn't sure who moved first, but they were suddenly sprinting. The bastard was taller, leaner, faster, even despite Will's own superhuman abilities. This person… This *thing* was not human, whatever it was. Whatever he was.

He stumbled over his own feet while the thing kept a certain amount of grace about him, ducking and jumping with ease, like he knew these woods like he knew the back of his hand. Perhaps he did. Perhaps this was his home. It was his murder ground, the place where he obviously had some attachment to. Enough attachment to keep coming back to it. Will's hand made contact with the earth as he forced himself to keep running, keep sprinting, when he sniffed the air, inhaling sharply, trying to find some distinct smell other than the overwhelming scent of blood.

Smelled sickly sweet. Like death and honey. Like blood and chocolate. *Vampire.*

Will had only encountered a handful. He didn't get on well with most of them, natural born enemies, really. There was one, though, one who he didn't simply dislike, one he felt something more than hatred for. They had an attraction there, between the vampire and the wolf. Immediate, really, despite Will's denial of it the first few times. But over their months of knowing each other, they'd had sex on various occasions. "Unorthodox forms of therapy," he had called it. Will had something of an issue with bottled up emotions, and his therapist had suggested Will expressing these emotions through sex. Specifically, sex with him.

Will had been turned and didn't have sex after that. Never even jerked himself off. When he had changed, his body had taken on new traits. Most were controllable, easily hidden so that he could blend in with everyone else most times. But this, this, this wasn't something he could hide. A knot. Some shit dogs had to promote conception. He wouldn't have sex when he discovered its existence after jerking off one night after to try and calm himself down, though this discovery made the stress infinitely worse. But his vampire hardly minded it. Got off on it, really.

Will pushed his immediate thoughts of sex and lust out of his mind. This vampire was not *his.* It was a stupid thing to let his mind wander to, but the mix of sleepiness and adrenaline left his mind wandering in a thousand different direction, until his mind was somewhere back in the bedroom. Teeth in his flesh, unyielding heat of his body, growling and angry sex, cuddling while tied, though cuddling didn't happen any other time. But Will pushed away the thought of sex and continued to run until his pulse was pounding in his own ears.

His distraction left him with a disadvantage as the other ran faster, inhumanly fast, too fast, too fast, too fast. Will struggled to catch up, but found himself unable, the thing in front of him swerving and turning in hopes to confuse and… The thing suddenly seemed to vanish into the cloak of darkness and shadow, and even Will couldn't see him anymore. Not that Will cared much after he stumbled upon right where the killer wanted him.

LUST.

The word was written in blood, glistening under the white light of the moon. It was written just above the slumped head of the victim, as it always was. He was stripped bare, as they always were, and tied with rope to the tree. It only took Will a couple of seconds to realize who it was, no need for forensics analysis for this one. Alexander Kirk. A serial rapist and pedophile who had beat the system with a hack lawyer who got him out in two months.

As one would expect, his dick was gone.

There was no blood. None at all. The son of a bitch had taken it all. Vampires didn't need human blood, and definitely not that much of it. He knew that much. This sick fuck was doing it for fun. Not necessity, this even passed the line of instinct. This was… This was just supposed righteous indignation. This was justice.

Eat the rude, if you will.

Will felt his stomach begin to rumble at the sight of fresh meat, but he shoved it down, knowing that touching would contaminate the evidence. He needed to preserve it. This was their closest break. He was their closest break.

This is what Jack hired him to do. He decided against waiting for him. Jack would only slow him down, Jack's crew would stare at him like a freak, as they always did. He didn't need to wait to analyze. Didn't need to wait to empathize, though he didn't know what good it would do him now. But still. Still. Still. Will stood still, and the world began to still around him.

The golden pendulum began to swing.

Darkness penetrated by a golden pendulum swiping left, then right, then left again. The world faded around him and Will Graham lost himself in the mind of this vampire, of this murderer, until Will Graham no longer existed and there was only this, only him.

"I know them. I get close enough to them that they are not afraid of me any longer, and when their walls come down, and they do come down, they always come down, I let myself attack. It is a wait, always a wait, but I am patient. When lives don't end, patience comes easily. This is my design."

Will took a step closer to the body writhing in front of him. There was no one around to hear him, but duct tape covered his mouth for now anyways. He would take it off by the time that he was done, not letting his art be tainted by silver plastic and adhesive. But for now, the screams would bring him no pleasure.

"I cut off his testicles and keep them preserved for myself. He is screaming and crying in agony, muffled through the tape. His screams are echoes of the screams of his victims. This is what he deserves. This is my design."

The man is screaming. Screaming and screaming. They ring through his ears and Will feels something like pride welling in his chest. No, pride isn't the right word. Righteousness, almost. A feeling like retribution. A feeling like reckoning.

"I bare my fangs to him so that he knows precisely what he is dealing with. I feed off of the fear in his eyes and the futile struggles against the rope. I don't hesitate to open his carotid artery with expert precision, with the exactness of a surgeon. He struggles for a few moments before bleeding out into my mouth and falling unconsciousness beneath him." Will could almost taste the hot metallic liquid filling his mouth and he felt himself growing weak. *"This is my design."*

His death comes quickly, too quickly, but he is dead, and that had been the mission all along. Holy mission or simply living by the phrase "eat the rude", Will wasn't sure. Perhaps a bit of

both. But either way, the mission was over. The man was dead. The son of a bitch got what was coming to him.

There was something familiar about this mind, about this killer, something that Will couldn't quite place, like he could just taste it before it disappeared forever, and he couldn't find it again. He tried to grapple to the mind that he had let himself into, the mind that had melded with his own. It was so familiar. Will had gotten the same sense with the four previous murders, but he could never quite place it. But staring at the carcass in front of him, Will's eyes slowly opened. "I know you."

Maroon eyes and pale skin and instinct and righteous indignation. All traits disguisable but not held back forever. Masks could not stay up forever. Masks could not survive through rapture. Masks would crack and crumble when pushed hard enough.

"I know you. I FUCKING KNOW YOU." Will screamed into the darkness, in case he was still being watched by the monster lurking in the shadows.

"I know you." Will whispered as his eyes trained on the glistening blood against the bark of the tree, almost black in the moonlight. *LUST*

It was the sound of music that snapped him from his trance, penetrating his senses, spontaneously bursting through the dense forest. The song that had been playing in his car. Someone had turned it up louder, until it blasted through the dense trees, breaking through the midnight air. Someone was doing this to him. Someone was taunting him.

Aaoooooo! / Werewolves of London. / Aaoooooo!

Forked Tongues Selling Faux Sermons

It started as aimless wandering. He didn't want to go back to the car, so he texted Jack, telling him where the body was, and where his car was parked, deciding that it would be better to let evidence get on that. He didn't want to step any closer to turn the music off, it already hurting his sensitive ears. And the knowledge that the killer had been right in his car was unsettling. Instead, he started walking, making his way out of the woods, not finding his way back to civilization until he the sun began to rise, having wandered aimlessly until then, his mind back in the forest, still hearing the echoes of that damned song. Couldn't get it out of his fucking head.

The longer he walked, the more frustrated he became. The bastard had been so fucking close. But smells and scents triggered memories, and this fucker smelled like Hannibal, so naturally, he had gotten distracted at best and horny at worst. And now a killer was free, a murderer who was undoubtedly going to strike again. He felt his shame and frustration blossoming in his chest, growing stronger with each step as he cursed himself for letting him get away.

He was too lost in thought to pay attention to where he was going, just walking the familiar streets with hands in his pockets, eyebrows furrowed as he chastised himself for letting him get away. Before he could process where he was and how he had gotten there, he was standing at Hannibal Lecter's front doorstep.

It was too early for him to be seeing patients, still only about 5:00. He was still home. Wouldn't go into the office for another couple of hours at least.

Part of him told him to stop, that he didn't deserve a quick fuck, but he needed to blow some steam, or else no work was going to get done today. And there was a killer on the loose. Someone needed to catch the son of a bitch, and Will Graham had gotten closest. Will Graham was their best bet. And he wasn't going to be think straight until he got rid of the erection that had been half-hard in his jeans ever since he first smelled the fucker.

After just a moment's hesitation, he raised his hand to knock. Hannibal probably wasn't even awake yet, but he didn't care. Their agreement had specified that Will could have Dr. Lecter's body whenever he wanted it. Even if it was at five in the goddamned fucking morning.

He could hear the footsteps, somehow graceful, from the other side. Maybe it was because Hannibal didn't exactly sleep a lot, didn't need it, that he could still be so composed at this godawful hour. With hands in his pockets, he waited a moment before Hannibal came to the door. It swung open quickly, revealing the man that he had grown to… No, love wasn't the right word. There was attraction, but it was somewhere firmly planted between platonic and sexual. Not romantic love, not yet, not quite.

He was handsome as always, truly giving truth to that goddamned Beyonce song in saying that he truly woke up flawless. His hair was a bit disheveled, his hair kind of in a fringe over his forehead, rather than neatly slicked back like usual. But he didn't look bad by any means. Looked closer to what it was like after sex, which made Will even more impatient. His dark

eyes didn't look tired in the least, alert and awake as always. He wore this red sweater that he wore a lot when they were at home, when Will had spent the night and they were alone together, beneath his blue robe, also familiar. He wore a pair of flannel pajama bottoms that Will had left here for him, ones that hung loosely on both of them.

He was tempted to ram Hannibal up against the wall and immediately start rutting against him, but he decided that that course of action would be considered rude, and rudeness was something that Hannibal Lecter did not tolerate.

"Good morning, Will." Hannibal greeted, leaning against the doorframe.

"Good morning, Dr. Lecter." Will replied formally, though this setting was hardly formal.

"Will, we have been having sexual relations for the past six months. You have no reason to call me 'Dr. Lecter.' I like to think that we have a more friendly relationship than that. Or at least a more informal arrangement." Hannibal corrected, as he typically did when Will referred to him as 'doctor'. Bad habits, he supposed.

"Informal arrangement… Yes, so informal that you still call fucking 'sexual relations.' We've been fucking for the past six months." Will teased.

"Is that you consider it? Just fucking?"

"Well, what else might you consider it?"

"Therapeutic love making?"

Will let out a huff of laughter, crossing his arms and cocking an eyebrow with a smirk teasing at the corner of his mouth. "Yeah. Because when I bend you over the counter and belt your ass raw, it definitely qualifies as 'making love'." Will chuckled.

Hannibal laughed and scratched at the back of his neck, remembering the feeling of when Will bent him over the furniture and viciously took him, claimed him. It was originally just for Will to express rage and sexual frustration in a way where both parties were ready and willing, since he couldn't seem to find a partner who would take him as he was, fangs and claws and knot and all. But lately, it seemed like more than just therapy. It almost seemed like love. It almost felt like love.

Almost.

Will would never admit it, and Hannibal would never admit it without warrant. He couldn't. Admitting love could ruin what they had, and that was not something that the doctor was ready to give up.

"Would you like to come in?" Hannibal offered, stepping back and gesturing him in. Will nodded shoved his hands into his jeans before stepping inside. His clothes were rumpled and dirty, and he smelled like pine and forest and warmth. Hannibal bit down on his lower lip, inhaling him in, feeling a small twitching between his thighs.

Will stepped into his home. It was a big home, bigger than his tiny cabin in Wolftrap. Extravagant and exquisite and beautiful, warm and full of life. Will smiled a bit, barely teasing at his lips as he stepped through the foyer and into the kitchen, Hannibal following after him. Will inhaled slowly and could smell Hannibal's arousal. It was only faint now, barely there, maybe just a small bead of pre-cum leaking from his quickly hardening cock, not even fully hard yet, foreskin probably still covering the head… Will had to withhold a proprietary growl and restrain himself from nailing the vampire against the wall.

"I haven't prepared breakfast yet. Would you like for me to fix you something?" Hannibal offered as Will turned back toward him, a dark look of arousal in his eyes.

"Doctor, you and I both know why I'm here. If we could skip the formalities, that would be… Appreciated." Will replied, chest heaving as he took a few steps toward the older man, cornering him against the wall.

Hannibal's eyes scanned over Will's face as he backed against the wall. He didn't feel threatened by any means, though he knew that Will was aiming to be intimidating, almost an instinct. The wolf within him breaking holes through the surface and slowly leaking through. Hannibal found himself growing painfully hard as Will cornered him against the wall, though never actually touching him. Hannibal never made a move until Will did, never reached out and touched first, feeling as though he was breaking some sort of unwritten contract. This was for Will's sake, not Hannibal's. He bit down on his lower lip for a moment, chest heaving as he pressed himself against the wall.

"I think that's a very good idea, Will." Hannibal breathed, agreeing that politeness and formalities were unneeded this morning.

With a low growl rumbling from the pit of his chest, Will shoved Hannibal back against the wall, hands wrapping around the sides of his neck and kissing him roughly. The small scratch of scruff against his cheek was unfamiliar, Hannibal almost always clean shaven and smooth, but the scratch was not unwelcome. His lips felt familiar, moving with his in a synchronization that made it feel like they were one whole instead of two individuals, like two cogs in one machine. Will made his arousal known as he pressed the growing bulge against Hannibal's leg, rubbing himself against the older man's body in some hope for relief.

Hannibal moaned at the feeling of Will's cock through the four layers of fabric, the small noise drawn from the vampire's throat immediately swallowed by Will's eager mouth. He clawed at the younger man's clothes, struggling to unbutton his flannel through the heat of their lust. Will's fingers ran through the vampire's hair, tugging roughly as his hips began to instinctively thrust against him, rubbing and begging for friction.

He was beautiful. His wolf, majestic and proud and rough with him, showing no mercy. So many who didn't know him well, didn't know him for what he truly was, assumed him to be… Weak. Or, perhaps not *weak,* but not as strong as he truly was. But Will was not afraid to be rough with him, to shove and push and bite and *fuck,* and Hannibal was grateful for that. Though there were times when he wished that dear Will would learn to show this aggression in the light of day, give into his instincts and become the beast that he truly was on the inside. But Will was so careful to hide it behind the masquerade of quiet sanity. Never to let it out. Never to let it show.

“Upstairs.” Hannibal panted, pulling away slightly, mouths still touching as he dug his nails into Will’s skin, desperation taking him over.

Will nodded slightly and curled his hand roughly beneath Hannibal’s thighs hoisting him up. Hannibal rarely let him do this, rarely let him do things like hold him, pick him up and carry him. Hannibal had allowed Will to use his body, but Hannibal Lecter was still infinitely independent. He didn't like to be cradled or cared for in ways that were outside the realm of sexual. Small acts like this were rarely permitted, but they were both far too desperate at this point to care. Will pulled him close, holding him tight as he carried him. They were about the same size, which made things a bit awkward and a bit clumsy, but Will hardly cared.

Will stumbled up the stairs, the two of them struggling to keep their hands off of each other long enough to get to the bedroom. Finally, they were both on their feet, Will pushing Hannibal against the door, lips roughly pressing against his, one hand slipping into his pajama bottoms and slowly wrapping around his hardened length as Hannibal struggled to push the door open behind them. Swinging open, they stumbled inside as though drunk from their own lusts. Hannibal’s slender fingers pulled him toward the bed, not-so-gracefully flopping onto it as Will shoved him back.

His eyes full of lust, he hungrily drank the sight in as Will worked at his buckle, nearly ripping the denim from his legs as he grew more and more impatient, struggling to free himself. Hannibal quickly followed suit, shoving the flannel pajama bottoms down and flinging them across the room, his robe quickly following, until he was left with nothing but his loosely fitting red sweater and a pair of quickly-staining white briefs, cock trapped obscenely within them. Will tore his shirt off, jeans now tossed alongside Hannibal’s pajamas in the corner of the room, wearing nothing but his familiar gray boxers, cock hard within them.

Hannibal could already see the beginnings of his forming knot outlined through them, lust only growing at the sight. He had always loved the feeling of Will’s knot pressing and stretching at his rim, leaving him trembling and needy and begging for it, like the biological need to breed that brought on Will’s knot was rubbing off on him. Of course, they couldn't breed or procreate if they wanted to, though Hannibal couldn't help but wish that he could give Will a child, knowing that the younger man had always wanted a family. But the idea of it almost brought him to begging whenever Will’s knot began to tease and press against his rim…

He always pulled out, deciding that knotting was too intimate, too much for their relationship. Occasionally, he would allow Will to mark him with his scent, allowing him to release himself over the vampire’s body, almost bathing in his seed, there always being *so much* of it. But more often than not, Will would disappear into the bathroom for about 15 minutes, until his knot deflated and it was safe to come out again. There was no cuddling after sex, either. If Will began to come before Hannibal, the older man would lay in bed and finish himself off. But if Hannibal came first, Will would go to relieve himself and Hannibal would lay flat on his back in the bed, listening to Will’s quiet grunts and groans and wishing desperately that he could get hard again, there being this fire in his belly that he almost never felt anymore. Then Will would come out, get dressed, and they would be on their separate ways until their next session.

He pushed thoughts of knotting away as his eyes returned to the magnificence in front of him. Will quickly straddled his hips, leaning down and pressing kisses against each inch of bare skin visible, working carefully around his sweater, leaving growling, nibbling kisses that left Hannibal doing whatever he could to restrain the whines that desperately wanted to escape from his chest, his throat, his lips. Slowly, painfully slowly, Will's fingers began to tug at the briefs still caging Hannibal's aching cock, slowly pushing them down his thighs, far enough that the slick, ruddy head of Hannibal's cock was visible over the elastic, but not far down enough to let it spring free.

Frustration and impatience filling him, Hannibal pushed his way around Will's strong frame and shoved his briefs down, freeing himself and instinctively thrusting up so that his cock was pressed against Will's bare skin, a small moan escaping his lip. Will immediately shoved Hannibal's hips back down, pressing them hard into the bed and refusing to let him move, forcing him to still, drawing a shrill whine from the older man's throat in response. Will smirked, finding that this was the form of torment that Hannibal was always more receptive to. He enjoyed the spankings and the bondage and the bits of pain that Will subjected him to. But Hannibal Lecter most certainly did not enjoy being denied his own pleasure.

Will let his fingers slip between his legs, completely avoiding his cock, deciding to provide with a bit of torment. He pressed against his rim, only to find him already wet, already open and slick for him, like he has opened himself up just before Will's arrival. Will let out a low growl at the feeling, pressing a finger inside to test the waters. Warm, damp, tight. Just as it always was. Sex with Hannibal had a tendency to be almost mind-blowing. Hannibal's body tended to be naturally cold, something about poor blood circulation. But inside, Hannibal was hot, his body almost feeling like Will was touching the sun, in all its splendor and glory.

"You know I was coming?" Will inquired with a small growl.

"No… I don't always sleep so well. I was… Entertaining myself." Hannibal panted, trying to preserve any ounce left of dignity.

Will was trembling at the very thought as he pressed in a second finger, slowly pumping in and out of him, agonizingly slow, pressing insistently on his prostate with each brutal thrust of his fingers. Chest heaving and free hand palming at his erection, he pressed his forehead against Hannibal's chest and inhaled slowly, counting the unsteady breaths and uneven heaves of Hannibal's chest, keeping track of each noise that spilled from the Lithuanian's lips.

"Tell me… Tell me what you were thinking about when you were touching yourself." Will whispered before sliding in a third finger.

Hannibal's back arched as Will's fingers struck that sensitive bundle of nerves again, pressing and insistent, bittersweet torment that was leaving him grasping at the sheets beneath him, every flick of Will's fingers unpredicted and entirely too intense. He could feel his heartbeat pounding in his chest, and pulsing in his cock, a steady stream of pre-cum leaking from the tip and dribbling over the bottom of his sweater. He struggled to swallow his screams, grasping at the sheets, trying to answer Will's question.

“I… I was thinking about you. Your fingers inside of me. Your cock. Your knot. I wanted you inside of me so badly, William.” Hannibal panted, entire body trembling.

“Yeah?” Will’s chest was heaving.

“I used my own fingers at first… I imagined you inside of me, but your fingers, your cock… You’re so much better. So much thicker. I… I couldn’t finish that way. I fear that you’ve nearly - ah! - n-nearly ruined me, dear boy. Nearly created an insatiable beast.”

“Then what?” His voice rumbled deeply, darkly, full of lust and arousal. Will’s hips began to rut instinctively against Hannibal’s thigh.

“I-I… I touched my cock… Touched myself that way… Until I came.” Hannibal moaned.

“Show me.” Will growled.

With trembling fingers forced away from satin sheets, Hannibal shakily obeyed, forcing one hand around his throbbing length. Biting down hard on his lower lip, fangs driving into the skin and nearly drawing blood, he slowly began to pump his fist around his aching length, foreskin slowly moving with the glide of his fingers. Pre-cum smeared up and down the length of his shaft and he could feel every bit, every move, every drip of pre-cum, every twitch of his fingers, every pound of his heart…

Will’s eyes focused on the glide of his foreskin, watching as the slick, shiny head disappeared beneath the skin before reemerging. Will roughly shoved his fingers deeper inside of Hannibal, drawing a sharp cry from his lips. The vampire’s long, slender fingers unclenched from around his cock and slammed against the mattress instinctively, fingers clenching back around his sheets.

Will was tempted to give a curious suck at the head, almost to go down and play with his foreskin. Hannibal’s uncut girth had the same effect on Will that Will’s knot had on Hannibal. He was mesmerized by it. But Will could feel his knot beginning to swell, almost threatening to pop too soon, so he decided that now was a bad time for any form of foreplay.

With a proprietary growl, Will sat up roughly, pulling out all three fingers as he found his way to his knees, pushing Hannibal along with him, rolling the older man onto his stomach and pushing him into position with one swift movement. Hannibal, seeming too lost in his own pleasure to even react, didn't resist in the slightest, ass in the air, open and presenting, with his forehead pressed against the mattress. He was so beautiful like this.

Will quickly steadied himself, head of his cock pressing against his fluttering rim, twitching in attempt to suck him in. Will’s breath caught in his throat for a moment before sinking into the hilt with one glide, suddenly surrounded by the familiar damp heat, drawing a gasp from his lips. He allowed himself to still for just a moment, savoring the feeling of him. The feeling of being surrounded, of being completely consumed by this man.

Hannibal had expressed desires before. Desires to consume, take those closest to him and carry them with him always, some sort of mix between the urges and instincts of being a vampire and his own coherent thoughts. Hannibal didn’t kill his friends, suck them in and

devour them, but Will wondered if this was some sort of holy consummation for him. Like he was carrying Will inside of him, for at least a bit of time. Will bit down on his lower lip and slowly began to move.

Hannibal let out a long sigh, eyes closed as he savored the feeling. Will usually started slow, the first few thrusts being slow, long glides rather than the short, rough ruts that Hannibal loved so much, leaving time for them both to adjust to the feeling of it. He inhaled slowly, face buried in the pillow. His cock was hard and heavy inside of him, leaving him feeling stretched and full, and altogether wonderful.

Will's hands held his hips steady as he slowly picked up pace, drawing a small groan from Hannibal's chest, escaping past his lips with each rough thrust. His hips were angled so that Will was striking against his prostate with each thrust, the sensitive bundle of nerves stimulated with each movement, with each twitch and throb of Will's cock, with each flutter of his rim… Hannibal struggled not to cry out with the pleasure of it.

Will draped himself over the body in front of him, giving into primal instinct and allowing himself to fuck like the dog he was. Will's arms wrapped around the older man's waist, grappling at the soft red material of his sweater in some hope of clinging to what was left of his sanity. Inhaling him in, the scent of blood and chocolate filling his nose, any amount of composure he had devolved into instinct as he began to rut into him, no longer in control of his own body.

Hannibal moaned at the feeling of Will's length filling him, his hole stretching to accommodate his length as he delivered powerful, rutting thrusts into him. He moaned, so full of the man that he was falling so quickly for. Will's cock was long as it was, rivaling that of Hannibal's, but the knot at the base made him feel even fuller as it teased at the tight ring of muscle; it caused a slight stinging at his rim, but he quite liked the feeling of it, the burn mixed with the absolute pleasure of Will's cock pressing so insistently against his prostate…

"Will…" Hannibal whined as Will's thrusts grew faster, rougher, all the more insistent with each passing moment, each tick of the clock. Hannibal kept one hand firmly anchored to the sheets, balling them in his fist, the other hand slipping between his thighs and touching, stroking himself in time with Will's brutal thrusts.

Will let out a growl - a real one this time. Not the low, rumbling growls that escaped the bottom of his chest with each proprietary gesture, but one that erupted from the pit of his stomach, one that was meant to show true dominance. Hannibal was gracious enough to let him dominate, even though he knew Hannibal's personality, knew that he was always one to be more dominant. But this was… Therapy.

"Don't you fucking call me that." Will growled, hips snapping hard into him, drawing a cry from his lips. He considered spanking him, liking the way that his skin turned red when he did, liking the way that his hole contracted around his cock with the pain, but he decided not to this time, settling with a series of hard, quick thrusts. The younger man pushed him further into the bed, delivering thrust after brutal thrust into the tight heat of his body. Normally, Hannibal's body felt cold, but during sex, he felt as hot and alive as anyone, as though he was coming back to life. Eyes dark with lust and arousal, he bit down on Hannibal's earlobe,

letting out a sharp breath, sending shudders down Hannibal's spine. "Call me 'Daddy.'" Will rumbled.

Hannibal panted hard, both hands grasping at his bed now, trying to hold himself together. Will was always rough with him, but rarely *this* rough. He normally fucked quietly, hard but quiet, never demanding much submission on Hannibal's part. But sometimes Will would want to be truly dominant, forcing Hannibal into submission, not that he minded too much. Hannibal was strong, independent, but he was good at acting, and if it meant helping his patient…

"Daddy…" Hannibal whispered, something like humiliation blooming in his chest. This was not the first time that he had murmured that word, nor would it be the last, but there was always some ounce of shame with it. He would submit for Will, but it always went against his nature to do so. That didn't mean that he didn't like it, but they were both dominant in nature, and the sex was, of course, for Will's sake, so he was always the one to take the submissive end. And that, when Will was in the mood, came with some amount of humiliation. His breath quivered as he exhaled, biting down on his lower lip as blood sprung into his own mouth, his own blood tasting metallic and dead, far outside of his range for taste, but he didn't mind it now, too distracted by the feeling of Will fucking into him.

The drag inside of him, the way that Will's cock felt inside of him, pressing so insistently against his prostate… It was so intense, so wonderful, each thrust more powerful than the last…

Will buried his nose into the side of Hannibal's neck and breathed him in. He knew that this went against Hannibal's instincts, but it was nice to be in control from time to time. Nice to feel someone else submitting to him because they wanted to, nice to be dominant, nice to let his primal urges run rampant from time to time. He moaned as Hannibal whispered that word, knowing how rare it was for him to ever speak it, making him all the harder.

He maybe felt some semblance of love for Hannibal Lecter. It wasn't quite that way, but it was close. He fell in love with the way that Hannibal grew hot to his touch when they were having sex, fell in love with the tight heat around him, fell in love with the sounds of his voice, his soft moans and pants and murmured words. He fell in love with the way that they could talk for hours without a second thought, and the way that they could be comfortable in the silence. He fell in love with the way that Hannibal carried himself, composed and graceful and flawless. He fell in love with the ease of their conversations, how there was no pressure between them to say something interesting, and how they didn't have to worry about saying something too pretentious or too ridiculous.

Will was just a little bit in love.

Will let his hand sink down between Hannibal's thighs, wrapping a hand around his cock. The pumps of his fist quickly fell in time with his thrusts, drawing sharp cries from Hannibal, nearly bringing tears of pleasure to his eyes. Aside from needing to chase his own desires and pleasures, little brought him more joy than to see Hannibal brought to completion, knowing that it was his hand that brought him there.

”Please… ah, ah - Daddy!” Hannibal cried out, far more believable this time. He felt his balls drawing up as his orgasm quickly approached, leaving him trembling so desperately that he couldn’t think straight, could think about nothing but Will. Something deep within him knew that with sacrifice came reward. He knew that sacrificing a bit of dignity, lowering himself to the likes of a child, would bring Will pleasure. And bringing Will pleasure meant that Will would return the favor.

Will felt his own climax coming close, knot swelling to a point where it was difficult to push past the rim, his thrusts becoming sloppier, messier, but no less powerful. His teeth sunk into the curve of Hannibal’s neck, sucking hard, determined to leave a mark there, determined to mark and claim him for everyone to see for the next week or so. He felt Hannibal’s body trembling beneath him, the contractions around his knot signalling that he was getting close, so close, so close. Will picked up speed the best he could, delivering shallow, rough thrusts into him while continuing to stimulate his cock.

“Come for me, Han. Come for Daddy.” Will whispered, voice raspy and harsh, yet almost gentle.

Hannibal let out a sharp cry at his words, the feeling of his breath blowing hot against his ear being what finally pushed him over, hot semen spilling all over the sheets and all over Will’s hand. Pleasure washed over him, pulling him out to sea, leaving him unable to think as the white seed spilled from him, leaving him unable to think or breathe or say anything but one shouted word, loud enough to echo through the hallways. *”Tėvelis!”* He cried, slipping back into his native tongue.

Will’s hips did not yet still, only slowing as he held tight to the man below him, refusing to let him collapse just yet. He instead raised his hand, now covered in his ejaculation, to Hannibal’s lips. Hannibal, maybe out of willing compliance or just because he was too hazy to care now, opened willingly for him, taking in two fingers and sucking, cleaning two digits before moving to the next two, then his palm, each delicious movement of his tongue leaving Will moaning, reminding him of how it felt when Hannibal sat on his knees below him, allowing Will to fuck his mouth. Sometimes Hannibal’s skilled lips touched him and worked around his cock, and other times Will would grab him by the hair and let himself thrust until Hannibal was gagging…

The very memory of it forced Will out, remembering not to knot him. It had been his suggestion that they not let themselves be tied together, but more out of shame than the intimacy that would come with it. He still felt like a freak for the swelling at the base of his cock that would tie him to any partner, and he didn’t want to subject anyone else to that for fear of his own shame. Will pulled away, staggering off of the bed, length achingly hard, having been so, so close and then denied. He started toward the bedroom, but suddenly Hannibal was sitting up, facing him, hand wrapped around his wrist.

“Stay.” Hannibal panted. His body was tired now, after the rushing of hormones and the brutal fucking, even after his orgasm, but he didn’t want Will to leave.

“What? Want Daddy to come on you?” Will breathed, almost teasingly. Mostly teasingly, really. Neither of them really took the whole ‘Daddy’ thing too seriously, just something that turned Will on from time to time. It just sort of… Slipped out.

The younger man's eyes found that Hannibal was still wearing his sweater. "I don't want to ruin your clothes." Will choked out, just barely able to focus, erection leaking and begging for release.

"I don't want you to come on me… Come inside of me." Hannibal murmured.

There was a stab of arousal at his very words. He wanted to. He wanted to so fucking badly. He wanted to pin him down and knot him, but at the same time, he didn't. He didn't want to force himself into Hannibal, tie them together, and for what? Knotting was for procreation, filling his partner uncomfortably full of semen in hopes of procreation. But Hannibal… Hannibal would be subject to that discomfort, and for what? And then there was his own shame about the whole thing…

"I don't want to knot you… I… *Fuck."* Will groaned, reaching down between his legs and palming at his erection.

"Then don't."

Hannibal reached up to pull him back down over him, Will hovering just over him as the vampire wrapped his legs around his waist. The older man reached between them, down between Will's thighs and guiding the his length back into his sensitive, fucked, and open hole. He slowly led his member back inside of him, though not letting his knot pass through. Hannibal's cock now hung flaccid on his hip, but the very feeling of this had him threatening to harden again, the feeling of his length back inside of him being overwhelming in the sweetest of ways.

Will watched as Hannibal worked, the shaft of his cock sunk in as far as it would go while keeping the knot just outside, pressed against the tight ring of muscle but not passing through. Instead, Hannibal began to massage at the knot, prompting ejaculation and deflation, trying to make him come. The feeling of Hannibal's hand working against the swollen, sensitive skin had Will trembling within seconds, between the tight heat and Hannibal's skilled fingers…

He let out a choked moan as his knot finally popped, his semen spilling into Hannibal's abused hole. It was better than fucking his own hand to actually get off, better than coming into the toilet or even over Hannibal's body. Being inside of him… It was almost like heaven.

Hannibal threw his head back at the feeling of the damp warmth shooting through him, filling him and pooling in his belly. He let out a long sigh at the feeling and smiled, content at the feeling. Will's moans rang through his ears like a melody as one hand continued working at his knot, massaging and tugging and stimulating him, helping the younger man chase after his orgasm, helping him to completion, bringing a shared pleasure between them.

Hannibal wondered for what was not the first nor the last time what it would feel like to take his knot. He knew enough about wolves like Will that it could be… Uncomfortable for the receiving end. Knots were thick and could be uncomfortable, especially when they were not producing their own lubricant. And the semen couldn't escape, so it simply filled the partner until they were uncomfortably full. But there was still something so undeniably alluring

about it. He wanted to take it, wanted to be tied to his William, wanted to feel that damp heat blossoming through his body and filling him…

Hannibal pulled his cock just a bit closer, just so the tip of his knot was teasing at his rim, just enough to bring a little sting. He continued to massage and work until the second wave of Will's orgasm overtook him, another moan echoing through the room, another wave of semen Hannibal, sending warmth blooming through him again, bringing a small sigh to his lips.

It came in waves for about ten minutes, Will's knot deflating faster than usual with the help of Hannibal's skilled fingers. Finally, both of them covered in Will's cum, most of it having trickled back out around Will's cock, his knot deflated and cock fell flaccid again.

Both of them satiated, Will rolled over onto his back alongside Hannibal, the two of them just laying, staring at the ceiling, side by side. Something that they never did after sex. There was no sound but the hum of the air conditioner and their heavy breathings.

"I almost had him. I was so fucking close to him, he was… The son of a bitch was so fucking close to me, Han. I just… I didn't…" Will eventually muttered, breaking the silence between them, sounding frustrated with himself.

Hannibal rolled over onto his side, laying his head on Will's shoulder, running hands through the layer of hair that coated his chest. He wondered if the hair was a newer development, if his skin had been smooth before his transformation. He inhaled slowly and pressed his lips against the skin for a moment, being far sweeter to him than usual. He licked his lips slowly when Will's fingers reached up and ran through Hannibal's now-messy hair.

"You'll find him." Hannibal stated plainly. "You need a break. You need to take a step back. Come spend the night with me on Sunday evening. Take a moment. Forget for a moment."

Will's eyes looked down at him, eyebrow cocked.

"I probably shouldn't. I… I need to catch this bastard. And I… The full moon is Monday night." Will confessed.

"All the more reason. You shouldn't be searching while so close to your transformation. Stay with me… I want to see you so close. I want to see you so close to your most primal state. I want to feel your body take me in the most primal sense." Hannibal sighed, pressing a small kiss against the crook of his neck.

Will's lips pursed tightly before smiling and giving a small nod.

Hannibal smiled and propped himself up, planting a small kiss against Will's lips before standing up and heading to the corner to find his robe. Cum was dried and tacky between his legs, and he needed a shower before work. Will stayed on the bed, deciding to stay for awhile longer before getting up and getting dressed. He watched Hannibal from the corner of his eye, the older man turning toward the record player in the corner, sifting through his records.

He sat the record in its place and placed the needle at the edge before disappearing into the bathroom, the music echoing through the house, and Will's ears practically perked straight up

when he heard the familiar piano rift.

”I saw a werewolf with a Chinese menu in his hand / Walking through the streets of Soho in the rain / He was looking for a place called Lee Ho Fook's / Gonna get a big dish of beef chow mein…”

Will felt a lump forming in his chest. He was going to be sick.

”Aaoooooo! / Werewolves of London. / Aaoooooo!”

Sins Forged at the Pulpit

Will's lips crushed against Hannibal's, rough and heavy as he slammed the older man against the wall. His fingers dipped between his khakis and his skin, tugging at his waistband, feeling himself growing hard inside of his jeans. And he could feel the bulge in Hannibal's khakis rubbing up against his thigh, which only made him want it more.

He'd waited all week for this.

Will knew what Hannibal really was, and tonight, Will was going to prove it, catch him in the act in one way or another. He didn't know what was going to happen after that, but he wasn't going to just go on pretending like he didn't know, go on pretending like nothing had changed. If for nothing but the pride of saying that he had won this game of cat and mouse, Will was going to catch him tonight. And perhaps Hannibal wanted to be caught.

But just because he had a plan didn't mean that he wasn't going to get a quick fuck out of it. A quick fuck that he was going to fucking enjoy. The full moon was just over twenty-four hours away. He was jittery, he was irritable, and he was fucking horny.

And either way, his feelings for Hannibal had not changed. He still felt it all. Lust. Almost love. Friendship. None of it had changed. How could it? Hannibal had always treated him well, the first to truly see him as a man rather than a beast, the first to truly understand him. He still felt attraction to Hannibal Lecter. He didn't know if he could ever stop that attraction, that feeling, that wanting. They were conjoined, and there was no way that either of them could truly survive separation anymore. It was more than just fucking. It was… Something deeper. Some conjoinment at the very center of their beings, ingrained in their bones, woven in their souls.

Besides, there was something almost noble about what he was doing. Through the gore, through the blood, through the brutalization… There was something almost righteous about it, and Will could almost appreciate it. The Seven Deadly Sins Killer was a vigilante. Perhaps doing what he felt was right. And Hannibal always had despised the rude. Their patterns of thinking, their minds, their actions, and then Hannibal, the little fucking shit, had confirmed it all by playing that goddamn song… There was no denying it. Hannibal Lecter was the 7DS Killer.

And Will Graham didn't care.

He felt something. Some semblance of morality. Maybe morality. Maybe just pride. Maybe he was too prideful to just let him go… But for Will, as much as he hated to admit it, it wasn't about the end result. It wasn't about the lock up. It was about the puzzle, about the chase… And yet still, there was something screaming at him to tell Jack, to put him away before he could kill someone else, but something else was telling him not to. Let him go. Let him be.

Join him.

He had spent the whole week thinking it over. Still, he had not come to a solid decision. He still walked the line. But none of that really mattered right then, sex being first and foremost for the moment.

With a deep growl from the pit of his stomach, Will pulled the man closer, though pulling his lips away for just a moment as they stumbled into the bedroom, nearly tripping over one another. Hannibal's pale skin almost glowed in the dark room, curtains drawn as the sun was setting beneath the hills, twilight falling over the city. Hannibal, always the old romantic, had set out candles, was burning goddamn incense. It was a little too classy, a little too romantic, especially because their relationship didn't warrant it. Their relationship was not a romantic one. It was platonic, from their long conversations about life in exclusion and exile from the rest of the world, and their time just enjoying the other's company whilst occupying the same space. And it was sexual, of course, with their rough fucking sessions in which Will could blow some steam. But it was never romantic. Not like this. But he had gone all out.

Will had something planned for tonight. And evidently, so did Hannibal. Will could sense it.

Will slammed Hannibal onto the bed, letting out a rumble from the pit of his chest before claiming his mouth once again. He tore away at his clothes, tearing his simple white button-down from his body, buttons snapping off and flying in all directions, but neither of them seemed to give a damn. Mouths and teeth and tongue still frantically intertwined in some sloppy and desperate dance, Will tossed his shirt aside before tugging down his khakis, boxer briefs sliding off with them as he tossed them aside. Hannibal's cock sprung free, erection hardened against his belly as the vampire scooted back for him, until he was propped up against the headboard, Will desperately chasing after him.

He could feel his nails beginning to thicken and sharpen into claws. They came out on occasion, though it was rare when the full moon wasn't shining down upon him. Any transformation at all was rare outside of that one night of the month, but it wasn't unheard of. Claws tearing into the satin sheets during sex, teeth sharpening into fangs as he sucked bruises into the doctor's skin… Maybe it was happening tonight because of what he was about to do. But he didn't care. He let his nails, thick and sharp, scrape over Hannibal's pale skin, pink lines raising in rows on his back. Will wondered if he'd have time to kiss at them later, run his fingers back over the marks, or if Hannibal would disappear before that. He wasn't quite sure when Hannibal planned to leave, but he knew that he would. It was just a game of waiting.

Hannibal let out a soft moan as the nails scraped down his back, the mix of pain and arousal forcing fangs into his mouth. They were long, sharp, painful even for him as they pressed against his lip, but he paid little heed to the pierce of them, or the blood that sprung to the surface. He liked the feeling. Liked the pain. Hannibal's teeth nipped at Will's lower lip, drawing a low growl from his throat as the wolf began rutting against his thigh, still fully clothed. Too many layers between them.

Hannibal, growing impatient, reached between them and, with trembling fingers, undid the button of Will's jeans and pried the zipper open, nearly ripping the seams with the force of it. Will took the lead and removed the rest of his clothes himself, refusing to break their kiss, not even to breathe. Hannibal didn't need to, and Will… Will didn't seem to care. They were both

preoccupied by other things; sex, lust, love, their own thoughts, to care too much about inhaling and exhaling, to care about converting oxygen to carbon dioxide. Breath, the world, anything other than this *fucking*... Nothing else mattered.

Will didn't hesitate, freeing his cock and tugging Hannibal closer. The vampire spread his legs, angling his hips upward so that Will could easily push in. He had prepared himself beforehand, not wanting a moment's hesitation. Foreplay, Will using fingers to open him up, it was all mind-numbingly wonderful, but not what he wanted right now. He wanted Will inside of him, fucking into him desperately, primal and hungry. He needed it.

Spreading his legs wider, fluid smearing over his belly as pre-cum leaked copiously from the head of his cock. He always produced copious amounts of it, though neither of them seemed to mind. He always noticed how aroused Will became whenever he pulled down his trousers to find the dampness soaking through his undergarments, how the sight of his soiled clothes made Will let out small, breathy noises, how seeing Hannibal's cock trapped beneath the soaked fabric made Will's cock twitch… Hannibal canted his hips upward, trying to scoot closer, impatient, almost needy, even.

Will noticed the doctor getting twitchy, eager and desperate for his cock, and Will, in some attempt at chivalry, something rare for these sessions, obliged. Perhaps only to sooth his own aches, or to sate the needs of his partner, but it didn't seem to matter as he pushed in. The tight heat was nearly maddening, drawing a low groan from Will's throat as he collapsed over top of the older man, bodies pressed tightly together, as if they were no longer two separate beings, but one whole. Will's hands reached down, finding Hannibal's and taking them, holding tight to his wrists and slamming them against the mattress.

Will bit down a breath before slowly pulling out, far enough so that only the head of his cock remained sheathed inside of the man. His eyes found the place between them, his cock pressed inside of the vampire's body, warm and human and pulsing and twitching and almost alive. He wondered if this could still be their life after tonight, if either one of them could survive the confrontation. He wondered if this would be the last time he would ever feel Hannibal's body like this, alive and open and desperate for him.

Will gulped down, changing the angle of his thrust and pressing himself back inside of the man below him, pressing insistently against his prostate, drawing a cry from Hannibal's lips, back arching and hole contracting around him, drawing a short groan from his chest. Their bodies worked in harmony, pleasures more intense than anything that Will had ever felt before. With a small grunt, sinking down to the hilt, he leaned over his lover and captured his mouth once more, the taste of him like pennies and Hershey's, with the lingering taste of lamb somewhere deep in his mouth. Will let his tongue run over his fangs, teasing at the points so that it just barely scraped away at his tastebuds.

His primal urges strengthened as the moon began to shine over the dark blue skyline. Not quite a full moon, but close. Mistakably close. This carnality was beginning to take him, edging in his mind like waves, the tide rising slowly. His hips picked up at a brutal pace, pinning Hannibal down beneath him as the bed began to shake and tremble beneath them, like young gods in a kingdom forged from sheets. Will pulled away slightly, eyes glancing down between them as he continued to rut into him, thrust jerky and rough and fast,

delivering short, powerful thrusts into his body. Hannibal's cock was pressed between their bellies, and Will could feel each pulse, each twitch against his skin. It was almost magnificent, almost like a painting from the Renaissance, like their forms merged and warm and moving and alive was living artwork painted by the gods. He was melodramatic, perhaps, but the stress from his impending transformation and his inner conflict about Hannibal's taste for murder had him appreciating beauty where he could find it. And right now, it was between them. Blood pumping, sweat pouring, chests heaving, sparks fucking flying. It was magnificent.

For the first time, Will understood why he didn't like calling it 'fucking'. It was so much more than that.

He forced his mind away from sentiment and let it sink back into carnality, letting the beast within him take his mind, fingers intertwining with Hannibal's and claws breaking the vampire's skin, the smell of blood almost overwhelming to his heightened senses. He didn't care. His thrusts became jerkier, barely pulling out, just pushing deeper, deeper, balls pressed against the cleft of Hannibal's ass, the sensitive, velvety skin there stimulated with each push in, with each stuttering thrust, only making him harder. Some distant memory of Hannibal sucking him off, one hand massaging his balls as he tongued at the glans, sprung to his mind, only edging him further.

Hannibal found moans escaping from his lips unrestrained and constant as Will delivered thrust after brutal thrust into his body. Will's hips were purposefully angled to strike repeatedly against his prostate, sending sharp waves of pleasure rippling through his body, each touch, each strike sending warmth radiating through him, spreading through his cock, his pelvis, up through his belly, into each inch of him. Their bodies moved together in fast and unsteady harmonies, rough and dissonant and unstable, like waves crashing against the shore.

This felt different than other times they had sex. Will was still rough with him, but not painfully so. There were no harsh growls coming from his chest, rather a long, quiet rumble, something that sounded almost like a purr. There were claws drawing blood from the backs of his hands, but it was mostly unintentional. Will's lips made contact with the vampire's neck, almost like irony, and began to suckle bruises into the pale skin, marking him but not hurting him. It was different than before, but it wasn't something that he disliked. In fact, he found himself enjoying it, perhaps more than ever before.

Hannibal found himself moving back against Will's thrusts, finding himself tempted to roll them both over and ride the wolf's cock, refusing to let him pull out or away, grinding and bouncing until Will knotted him, filling him the way that he filled a mate in efforts to produce offspring. While there was no chance of breeding between the two, the act of knotting itself was nearly as intimate as producing a child. But he didn't, letting Will continue to dominate him. He would have his chance for dominance and power later.

"Harder," Hannibal moaned, surrendering to submission and letting himself beg.

Will's hips pulled back, cock sliding nearly all the way out before slamming back inside of him, drawing a scream from Hannibal's lips. Pulling Will down on top of him, he bit down hard on the younger man's muscled shoulder, fangs sinking down into the skin. Will let out a

small yelp, but judging by the pulsing and twitching of his cock inside of him, Hannibal assumed that he liked it.

Blood sprung up into his mouth, stomach rumbling in response. He tasted warm, warm in ways that Hannibal hardly knew how to describe. It was like the roar of a fire on Christmas Eve, like s'mores made over an open flame. It was like smoke and flame, but Hannibal liked the taste of him. He knew that Will would never taste quite like what he needed, and would never be able to truly fill him. He wasn't truly human, and his blood would never fill him, but it was more than food to him. It was more than sustenance or nourishment for him. It was… It was something that almost made him feel alive.

Will let out a moan as Hannibal instinctively began to suck, blood spilling into his mouth. It was not unusual for Hannibal to bite, especially when he hadn't eaten in a few days. Of course, he had eaten, prepared actual food in ways that he had been doing for centuries, food that he ate and enjoyed with his human acquaintances, but it never nourished him in the way that he needed it. It satiated him for a time, but the hunger always returned with a vengeance until he gave into his most primal needs. But Will never seemed to mind it when Hannibal sunk his teeth in. Judging by the moans that always managed to escape his lips when he did, he would say that Will quite liked it.

Hannibal sucked harder with each thrust, Will's cock hot and heavy inside of him, knot beginning to form and tease at his rim. He could feel every bit of him, the feelings not blurring into one grand sensation of pleasure like it normally would. He could feel the slick head of Will's cock nudging insistently against the hardened bundle of nerves tucked within him. He could feel each time Will's testicles nudged against his skin with each pounding thrust of his hips. He could feel the scratch of Will's hair against his flesh, liking the way that Will was nearly covered in it, always feeling a tug of curiosity about him at it. He could feel each pulse and twitch of his own cock trapped between their bellies. As Hannibal let out a hummed moan into Will's shoulder, he felt himself approaching orgasm. Balls drawing tight to his body, the feeling of being ready to burst filling him…

"Han…" Will moaned as he continued pushing up into him, moving his hands away from Hannibal's to wrap around his torso, claws digging into his sides. Not deep enough to draw blood, but enough to pull back the first layer of skin or so, drawing pink crescents in his flesh.

Hannibal continued to suck at the newly-opened wound on his shoulder. He didn't do that often. Only when it truly felt more like love-making than fucking. Will wondered if Hannibal only saw him as another meal, like another one of his victims, no better than the sinners he strung up and left for dead. Or maybe perhaps there was something different. Maybe he saw the biting and blood-sucking as something more profound than just another meal, just a light snack… Perhaps it was Hannibal's way of showing love.

He wondered. He hoped. He didn't speak.

Hannibal let his fangs unclench from Will's shoulder. Blood began springing to the surface, but rather than trying to draw more blood, rather than trying to drain him and devour him, he let his tongue sweep over the two small puncture wounds, lapping away the blood as it pooled over his skin. It would never be enough to satisfy him - not that it could ever be

enough, even if he sucked the man dry. It was enough to whet his appetite. It was enough to starve him. It was enough to make it hurt.

But Hannibal Lecter always was a bit of a masochist. What other reason was there to explain the nature of his relationship with the wolf? A relationship doomed from the beginning, rivalry ingrained in their very DNA. A relationship based off of lust and unrequited love. A relationship in which Hannibal could perhaps never be accepted for the monster he was, not by the man who refused to accept the beast within him. A relationship so burrowed in sexual natures and platonic natures that salvaging a romance out of it felt almost impossible… Maybe it was torturous, but Hannibal hardly even cared.

"I'm close, *Tėvelis."* Hannibal moaned, voice ragged and gruff with his arousal, barely able to form sentences.

Heaving chest and sweat dripping from his forehead, Will pushed himself up, hovering over his lover. He pulled out most of the way before delivering a brutal thrust into his body, then again, and again. Hannibal moaned and squirmed beneath him now, beautiful as he writhed in pleasured agony. Beautiful.

"Aš ruošiuosi ateiti… I... Tėvelis!" Hannibal whined in some language that Will didn't understand, but the words sounded like the song of angels anyways.

Something like desire erupted inside of him. Desire, sacrifice, selflessness with selfish intentions, Will wasn't quite sure. Inhaling sharply, he pulled himself out of the older man's body, sinking downward, ignoring his own pleasure for sake of Hannibal's for once in his life. With heavy breaths, he quickly wrapped his mouth around the vampire's throbbing erection, feeling it twitching and tight against his tongue. He was close, so close that Will could almost taste it.

Hannibal let out a wail at the feeling of him, the pleasure all too intense. The slide and pulse and drag of Will's cock, each twitch, each nudge of the head of his cock against his prostate, was sorely missed, cold between his legs now, but the velvet heat of Will's mouth around his cock now… It was almost too much, leaving him grasping desperately for the sheets. *"Will!"* Hannibal screamed, unable to withhold the noises.

The glide of his foreskin over the head of his cock, engulfing him with each suck that Will gave, had Hannibal wanting so desperately to come, but he staved off his orgasm for the time being. He didn't want this to end just yet. The feeling was new, Will having never serviced him in this way. It was strange. He had expected Will to be more possessive, more aggressive, the closer that he came to his transformation. But he was shockingly considerate. Hannibal didn't mind it in the slightest.

Will's mouth finally pulled away when he felt Hannibal's balls drawing painfully tight against his body. He released the older man's cock with a small *pop!* before gripping it tightly with one hand, scooting back upward. He pressed his forehead against Hannibal's belly; every other part of him was hard and rigid with muscle and ice, but he was soft in the center, warm, feeling almost alive. Will kissed him gently there, wondering if this was what it felt like to be alive again.

Will began slowly pumping his fist around Hannibal's cock as he lay there, drawing low moans from the vampire's lips. The younger man occasionally looked up, finding Hannibal's head thrown back in ecstasy, fangs protruding from his gums, almost glistening in the candlelight. He liked the way that they felt in his skin, the feeling of being bitten and sucked dry something that was strangely alluring. When he could feel the aches in his shoulder for days after, he always found himself half-hard just thinking about it.

Will's hands were working around his cock, holding it firmly against his chest. It was a curious feeling, the rhythmic heaves of Will's chest mixed with the lazy strokes of his hand being more arousing than their rough fucking. It was more sensual than sexual, almost, and it was something that Hannibal had never felt or understood until that moment. Not with Will, not with Bedelia, not with anyone.

"Come on me, Han. I want you to come all over me." Will murmured, lips red and swollen as he suckled and kissed at his skin, continuing to stimulate him, trying to get him to come.

Hannibal's chest heaving, his eyes blown wide as he watched the younger man, barely able to keep his eyes open but unable to tear them away. His blue eyes sparkling in the dim candlelight, looking hungry and wanting, blood still dribbling from the wound on his shoulder, slowing as it began to clot…

A low growl escaped from Will's chest, and the vibrations are what sent Hannibal over the edge. His back arched sharply as he let out a cry, seed spilling over Will's chest. Will let out a shaky breath as he ejaculated, semen covering his skin, though he hardly minded it. He liked the feeling, the warm, sticky liquid covering him, his scent mingling with Will's…

Not bothering with getting clean, Will sat up on his knees next to his lover as he fell limp beneath him, eyes drifting closed as a smile teased at his lips. His erection throbbed, knot almost painfully sore and straining with need for his own release. He reached between his legs and gripped himself tightly, wrapping tightly around his cock and quickly stroking himself as he lined himself up over top of Hannibal's body, intent on marking him and making him his own.

Hannibal's face was one of complete bliss, lips parting slightly, his teeth poking out from over his lower lip. Seeing him like that was what finally pushed him over the edge. He knotted his hand, squeezing tightly as volleys of cum shot from his cock, release finally coming. A loud groan rumbled from his chest as his body began to tremble, hot white semen spilling over Hannibal's pale skin. He was so beautiful. The hot, white semen covered the older man as it continued to spill from Will, knot quickly deflating, as it usually did whenever he did this. Will could barely breathe as Hannibal reached up and pressed his hand into the mess, pressing flat against his belly.

"Fuck... Rub it in… Rub it in for me." Will growled as Hannibal let out a small moan, something closer to a whine. Will felt arousal growing in the pit of his stomach at the noise, both of them desperate for more as Will's semen covered Hannibal's skin.

Hannibal's hand was trembling, stiff as he slowly rubbed circles into his skin, making a mess of himself. Will moaned at the sight of him, barely able to control himself before he reached down, hand still stroking at his erection as he bent over Hannibal. He reached down and

wrapped his hand around Hannibal's wrist, controlling how he rubbed and touched himself. Cum continued shooting from his cock, orgasms coming in waves as he continued to mark and claim the older man.

His orgasms finally slowed before stopping, coming in short, weak bursts until they stopped altogether. By then, they were both hot, sticky messes as they collapsed on the bed. Part of Will wanted to pull away as the memory of what exactly Hannibal Lecter was came back to him. The other part wanted to pull him in and hold him, fall asleep caught in each other's embrace. He opted for staying sprawled out on the bed, slowly catching his breath. He felt Hannibal's cum, mixed with his own, covering him as it cooled and dried against his skin. It wasn't unpleasant, neither of them caring about the mess as they lay there.

Hannibal's head lulled to the side as he looked at Will. The younger man stared blankly at the ceiling, both of them covered in cum and sweat and lube, tacky and messy with it. Normally, he would've instinctively went to wipe it away, but there was so much of it, almost to a point where they were drowning in it. Attempting to wipe it away would've been useless. And for once in his life, he didn't care.

Hannibal let out a small sigh and reached down, reaching out and lacing his fingers between Will's. Will didn't pull away.

"I love you." Hannibal whispered, sleep-drugged. Maybe a calculated move, maybe a confession made while drunk on hormones. He didn't know. Will's head slowly turned toward Hannibal, blue eyes mostly lidded as he scanned him over. He was so beautiful like this, under nothing but the flickering lights of candles, the sun having disappeared beneath the horizon.

Will nodded slowly. "I know."

He had cleaned both of them off with a towel. He had started to shower, but Will had let out whined protests that Hannibal couldn't object to, not with his big, blue eyes pleading with him. Will didn't want him to wash away his scent yet, some primal urge to mark and scent, an instinct that was slowly been uncovered due to the fact that his transformation was closing in. So Hannibal had settled for cleaning himself with a towel, allowing the scent to linger.

Will lay asleep next to him. He was on his side, curled up next to him, not touching, but close. Hannibal didn't sleep. It was unnecessary, especially on nights like these, when he was too hungry and too determined to sleep even for a moment. Instead, he was content to lay and watch his wolf sleeping peacefully, watching his eyes flick beneath his eyelids as he dreamed.

It was nearing midnight. Will was deep in slumber, entirely spent from their fucking, or love-making, or whatever their relationship was classified as now. Hannibal needed to leave.

Quietly, hoping not to stir him, he reached over, snapping his fingers just over Will's ear. He was tempted to reach down and touch him, run a thumb over his ear, through his hair, down over the two puncture wounds in his shoulder. He was tempted, oh-so-tempted, but knew better than to risk waking his lover. He inhaled sharply and waited. No response. Slowly, he let out a sigh of relief and shifted, quiet as possible as he stood up and walked across the room.

He wore soft cotton pajama bottoms, naked beneath them, having decided against underwear. His chest remained bare, not daring to mask the scent beneath a shirt. He wanted Will to be able to curl up to him, to inhale and know that he had marked and claimed Hannibal Lecter. And he has. Hannibal was fiercely independent, owned by no one, until now. Hannibal Lecter was infatuated with, in love with, and completely owned by William Graham.

And for the first time, he didn't mind being owned.

Part of him was reluctant to put on his clothes, but decided that going in the nude for this sort of thing would be… Impractical. Quietly, without so much as a shuddered breath, he grabbed his clothes from the closet and dressed quickly, dressing in a simple black button down, accompanied by a black tie and slacks. Simple. Elegant. Comfortable enough to run in. Blood hardly stained. Easily cloaked in the shroud of shadows. Practical.

Hannibal sighed softly and turned toward Will. The sight of him, curled beneath the covers, still smelling of him… It almost made Hannibal want to stay there, lay with him until the sun rose again. But he had a mission. Righteous indignation… Perhaps not. It had never been some mission from God. It had never been some holy war against the wicked and depraved. It was more for food than anything else. Giving into his instincts, letting himself become the monster he was seen as while creating monsters to rot in Purgatory with him. It was not a mission of heaven, but a mission of Hell, if anything. Perhaps just a mission for food. But a mission nonetheless.

"Goodnight, sweet boy." Hannibal murmured.

The dominance that Will displayed over him in the bedroom was just that. In the bedroom. Hannibal never felt truly submissive to him, only complying to his wishes to seek after his own gain. He knew that it pleased Will, and what pleased Will pleased him. Hannibal liked to see Will satisfied in his own needs first and foremost, but this dominance was only during sex. No, Hannibal controlled and dominated and guided and led in the places where it truly counted.

Will was not dominant over him in the light of day. He was not his 'daddy' outside of their bed. Will was just Will, the man that he had grown so affectionate for since they had met. He wanted to be tender, wanted to have and hold him until they fell asleep, until they began to fall in together. No dominance over each other. Just… Them.

Hannibal gulped down hard. "Sleep well."

Footsteps padded almost silent down the long hallways until they disappeared. A moment passed and the door swung open and shut, almost silent but still echoing through the quiet

home with an audible click. As he heard the house go silent again, without breath, without movement, without any life to speak of, Will's eyes shot open.

Something predatory shot through his veins. Something primal, something instinctual. Something outside of his conscious, something buried deep within his subconscious. Something ingrained in his very bones now.

It was time for the hunt.

There was something almost seductive in the way that he carried himself tonight. His steps felt more like glides, long and smooth rather than short and sharp. His movements were not as cold and calculated as before, more warm and alive than the other nights. It felt almost like dancing. It was almost like living.

He wasn't some grand villain. He wasn't like the killers in movies, giving grand soliloquies before the kill. He was not psychotic, did not take joy in explaining his life story to the terrified faces tied to those trees. Perhaps speaking on occasion could appeal to him, explaining their sins, creating metaphors, but oftentimes his murders went silent, his victim left to ponder why he was chosen in his last moments as his blade and his fangs met skin. That was far more satisfying. Besides, he was more interested in his presentation. In his food. In his final product. In his design.

This victim had taken more work than the others. A man weighing about 300 pounds, a man who ate and ate while the people around him starved. A glutton in money, a glutton in food, a glutton all in all. He was cruel. He was cold. A man who had spent his life crushing others beneath his feet as he rose to the top. A gluttonous fool.

He hung from the tree, slumped heavily and straining against the ropes. He had stopped struggling at this point, knowing that no one was going to come for him now. He was a fool, but he was not entirely oblivious or incompetent. He knew very well that he would not come out of this alive.

He didn't speak. Didn't give some grand speech. He didn't give a grand soliloquy. He didn't tell this man his life story, didn't say a word. Swine like this man did not deserve speeches. Did not deserve the very breath from his lungs.

Instead of a speech, he proposed a single question, blade twirling between his fingers as he paced in front of the man, ready for the slaughter.

"Bowels in or bowels out?" Hannibal proposed, some sense of humor in his voice.

He didn't give the man a single second to respond, rather plunging the knife into the fatty stomach. It sunk in deep, mostly through layers of fat before dragging his blade through his

flesh, opening a clean wound. Almost surgical, as it always was. He had been a surgeon, and that showed in his work. The man cried out in agony before blood and internal organs, stomach, intestines, bowels and all falling into the bucket below him, falling limp after mere seconds. He had lost consciousness, and would be dead in minutes, either from shock or blood loss, depending upon which got to him first. This was all intended, all calculated. This was his design.

He would find ways to prepare his organs soon, cook and present them as elegantly as he knew how. He was an artist, food being his canvas, unwilling to hide it away from the world. In all likelihood, the doctor would serve his remains to a friend. Will, maybe. Jack Crawford, perhaps. And before he left for home, Hannibal would drain his blood, have his fill for the next week or so, and then…

“Bowels out, I think.” Hannibal finished.

And just like that, Hannibal Lecter was alone again. And at the scent of the blood that continued to drip into the metal bucket with a rhythmic *clink, clink, clink,* he felt his stomach begin to rumble. Aside from the bit of Will’s blood that had perked into his mouth during sex, he'd not eaten in an entire week. He didn't need to feed as often as humans, but going for long periods of time left him weak. He needed to eat. And soon.

Hannibal gripped the head of the man, pulling him by the hair and baring his neck. It would've been smarter to have done this before killing him, but he had wanted the man to suffer. Wanted to hear him struggle against his blade. Draining him wouldn't have been nearly as painful, or nearly as terrifying.

He licked his lower lip and bit down into the flesh, finding his jugular with surgical precision. He always knew precisely where to strike. He had been doing this for centuries now. He was no longer a child, a scared, young man in Florence, frightened by the monster that he was, the monster that he had become. He had learned to cope with his differences, with his isolation from humanity. He had learned to embrace his instincts and had allowed himself to become the monster everyone so feared him for.

Blood spilled into his mouth, gushing hot and metallic on his tongue. It was no longer flowing, stilled in his veins, making a bit more work for him, but he ignored the inconvenience. He hardly noticed, too hungry to care. It was warm as it rushed down the back of his throat, filling the pit of his belly with a certain warmth. It was a comfort to him, almost in the same way that Will’s release inside of him was a comfort. Curious, how much comfort warmth could bring him. A man dead and cold finding comfort as he siphoned heat and life from another.

Blood covered his hands and mouth as he slumped against the tree, having had his fill. His eyes glanced up at the moon, so close to full, shining brightly down upon him. He wondered if this was what Will saw just before it took him in and took him under. He smiled at the thought, inhaling slowly as his head lulled back. He knew that he needed to get back to his home. He’d scrub the red that stained his palms until his skin was like porcelain again. He wouldn't shower this time, letting Will wake to the scent of him still marked. He would slip back into bed as though nothing had ever happened.

He knew that Will was beginning to suspect him, but this would create an alibi, at least until he was certain that Will wouldn't turn him in. And then they would go about their day. Perhaps lazy sex and spending the day in each other's company until Will needed to leave, escape into the woods. When the transformation took him over and any remnants of humanity left ingrained in his DNA was engulfed by the beast within him.

He smiled at the thought.

He inhaled slowly, the scent of blood filling the air, but underneath that, all he could smell was Will Graham, covering him, smothering him. His lips curled upward, and he wondered and hoped if one day the scent would be real. If Will Graham would give into his instincts and stand by him in their righteous wars.

The door opened almost silently as he stepped inside, desperate not to make a sound. A plastic bag in one hand held the spoils of his kill, to be wrapped and frozen until he was decided to cook them. He padded silently inside, determined not to make a sound in hopes of not stirring the wolf in his bed.

He sat the bag in the refrigerator. He would put it away properly in the morning.

His focus turned to the bathroom. He needed to get clean before heading back to bed. He took a quiet step toward the stairs when he heard a click, and light flooded through the room, washing over him where he stood. Had his heart been beating, it would've stopped altogether as a million thoughts began racing incoherently through his mind. The only word that he could really make out of the mess seemed oddly fitting for the situation.

Shit.

Hannibal pivoted slowly on his heel to find Will reclining in one of his chairs, legs crossed, hands folded in his lap, a satisfied smirk crossing over his features. His blue eyes sparkled dimly in the light of his lamp. They looked self-satisfied. They looked hungry. Predatory. It was a look that Hannibal had only seen from him in the bedroom, when he was pinning the vampire to the bed and fucking him mercilessly. Will Graham looked like a predator. And Hannibal Lecter was his prey.

Hannibal bit down on his lower lip. Thoughts of killing the younger man that he had grown so fond of, the man that he had grown to love, began cranking through his mind, but each thought brought hollowness to his chest, and he knew that he would never be able to do it. He would never be able to kill Will Graham. No matter how much he wanted to. No matter how much he needed to. He would sacrifice himself, his life, his freedom… He would make any sacrifice for Will Graham. And it was precisely that vulnerability that made him weak.

With a small smirk, Will leaned back. He had won.

“Hello, Dr. Lecter.”

Blood of Hearts and Wrists Allegedly Slit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will noticed as Hannibal visibly clenched, the sudden change of direction quite obviously taking him off guard. Will had never seen him so taken aback. Hannibal Lecter always had this air about him, something always saying that he was always one step ahead of you. And he typically was. Even when he wasn't, he made you feel like he always knew more than what he was letting on. Hannibal Lecter had always been the definition of poise and grace. But now, for once in his life, he was visibly startled. Vulnerable in a way that he had no control over. Weak in a way that he didn't want to be.

He watched the older man's Adam's apple bob slightly as he gulped down hard. Hannibal didn't speak for a long moment, studying over Will's face. Will knew precisely what he was doing. He was analyzing. Assessing the situation. He was trying to find some way out of this, but there was no way out. Hannibal would have to kill him, and even after witnessing his brutal slayings, Will was not afraid. Perhaps he was under some shroud of naivety, and Hannibal had been playing him the whole time, but the older man seemed to have developed at least some semblance of affection for him. Maybe love, maybe something else. But he didn't think Hannibal would hurt him. He was not afraid.

"Good evening, Will." Hannibal finally spoke. His voice was shakier than usual. Softer, too.

"Where you been?" Will immediately shot out, smirk still plastered over his features as he leaned back further in the chair, rocking back and forth a bit in attempt to soothe his wired nerves.

"Out." Hannibal answered swiftly.

"Bit late to be out, don't you think?" Will inquired, hints of amusement in his voice. Hannibal was so blatantly lying; it was quite amusing, seeing him desperately cling to his mask. His person suit. The good doctor had created a very well-tailored person suit to hide beneath in the light of day. He wondered if anyone other than his victims had ever seen him without it, and if anyone had ever lived to tell the tale. But now, Will Graham had caught him naked, and Hannibal was quite obviously terrified at the prospect.

Will noticed Hannibal beginning to grow physically uneasy. Like he wasn't sure how to answer. Wasn't sure how to explain the dried blood on his mouth and hands. Wasn't sure how to play it off like nothing had happened. His eyes were darting around the room, his weight shifting from side to side… He was… If not afraid, then something like it. Nervous. Unsettled. Undecided. He looked as though he were wrestling with his demons as to what to do about this.

"I was… Hungry. I snuck away so that I could feed. Your blood was enough to whet my appetite, but not enough to satiate." Hannibal finally replied, coming up with some excuse, if a weak one.

“Yeah? What'd you have?” Will inquired, as casual as any other conversation.

“Pig.”

Will pulled his phone from his pocket and opened his photos. Pictures. Dozens of them. Hannibal’s blade sinking into the man’s gut, his insides spilling into the metal bucket below him, the vampires fangs sinking into his neck… There were dozens of pictures, snapshots capturing each and every brutal act. Each picture showed Hannibal Lecter for who he really was. Not the mild-mannered, sophisticated, classy man that most made him out to be. Hannibal Lecter was a beast through and through, a monster in his very core.

Of course, so was Will. His instincts told him to do the same. The only difference was that Will forced himself to refrain from giving into instinct.

He flipped through, showing Hannibal each picture taken, one by one. This was Will’s undeniable proof. This was what could get Hannibal arrested, if Will chose to turn these in to Jack. These stills could get an evil man locked behind bars for the rest of his mortal life, and fuck knows how long that would last. If he were to be quite honest, he figured Hannibal would outlive the human race, would still be here when the earth shattered and the end times came. He'd be in that cage until that happened, ultimately to be forgotten, no one left to remember him for his crimes against humanity.

Hannibal Lecter was a criminal. A monster who needed to be locked away from the public. But there was some overwhelming majority in him that told him not to turn him in. Something that prevented him from taking away Hannibal’s freedom. Something in him telling him to take it one step further. There was something buried deep within the very depths of his soul, entwined with his spirit, a voice begging him to give into every instinct and every need and every desire. There was something deep within him telling Will Graham to join him.

“Only in the metaphorical sense, I'm sure.”

It had all been in the plan. Will had marked Hannibal so heavily with his scent that he knew he wouldn't be able to smell him when he followed. He had snuck silently behind, witnessing the entire thing. Hannibal had murdered a man in cold blood. It should've been terrifying. It should've been unsettling. Of course, as he witnessed these things, he felt none of those things. Watching the blade sink into his flesh, watching him drain the man dry… It had left Will painfully hard.

Blood and violence had excited him, and that had been alarming. He had tried so hard to deny himself, to be disgusted and unsettled, but watching Hannibal Lecter slaughter the pig had left him aroused, almost painfully so. Shame had filled him for it, but he couldn't help himself, couldn't deny himself. Sadism, masochism, violence and gore… It excited him.

Hannibal gulped and took a step forward. His eyes darted down toward the floor, some look of shame in his eyes. Like a kicked puppy, almost. Will couldn't quite tell if this was faux remorse or if it was genuine emotion. He couldn't quite read him like this. This was different than what Will had ever seen from him. Perhaps he was truly a step ahead and he was

bluffing, perhaps he was truly vulnerable to him for once… Will wasn't sure. He kept his eyes trained on Hannibal as he took a seat across from him.

Almost like any of their therapy sessions, they sat facing each other. Their eyes fixated on one another, eye contact remaining unbroken through the shadows and the thickening silence. The home fell silent once again. No breath, no movement, not a single sound. Instead, they sat in silence, staring, waiting for the other to speak again.

Hannibal ran his tongue over his lip before inhaling slowly, glancing down at his hands, folded in his hands. He no longer looked nervous or weak or vulnerable. His demeanor changed, appearing more in control as they sat together in silence, like he was gathering his composure once again as the seconds ticked by.

“Have you sold my freedom to Jack Crawford and the FBI yet?” He inquired softly.

“Not yet. I figured I would allow you to try and convince me to do otherwise.” Will replied.

Hannibal nodded slowly. It would've been so easy just to sink his teeth deep into his flesh and drain him dry, leave him as lifeless as the man that he had killed mere hours before. It would've been so simple just to end it all here. Preserve his freedom, go on living as though Will Graham had never even been apart of his life. But he couldn't. Will had become too much to him now. Hannibal had fallen too hard for him now. He hadn't been lying when he told Will that he loved him. He had meant every word. Hannibal Lecter was in love with Will Graham.

He took a long, shaky breath as he sat silently for a long moment. Part of him wanted to end it. Wanted to end Will Graham. But he couldn't. This had not gone according to plan, had not played out like it was supposed to. But, unable to kill and unwilling to sacrifice it all, he had one last chance at escaping this with his freedom. He was going to have to convince him that he was not inherently evil.

“This is not how I intended for you to find out.” Hannibal confessed quietly.

Will leaned back and crossed his arms over his chest. “So you *did* intend for me to find out, then?” He queried, eyebrow cocked.

“I did.”

“When?”

“Soon. I… I wanted to push, nudge you in the direction I needed you. I wanted to wait. I wanted to… I wanted you to embrace who you are. I wanted you to embrace the monster inside of you. I… I wanted you to become like me. I would've revealed myself when I believed you were ready to give into your instincts.” Hannibal breathed.

Will bit down on his lip.

“I'm not… I'm not a fucking murderer.” Will growled, nails digging into his own palms.

“Aren't you, though? Does the scent of blood not send jolts of excitement through you? Does the rush of power through your veins not wake your sleeping soul? Do you not feel most alive when you dominate me? When you take my body for your own? I can feel how aroused you become when you break skin and my blood spills into your mouth. I know you, cunning boy. I have known since our first conversations, have known who you are. What you are. What you could become. These instincts, mine and yours… We are the same, my dear boy.”

Will gulped. He knew that Hannibal was right. He would never admit it, would never say it aloud, but he knew that Hannibal was right. He felt the urges. Even before his grisly transformation, even before he became the wolf that he was now, even before these deadly instincts came to life, he had always had the capacity for murder. His transformation had only strengthened those urges, making it harder, so much harder, to repress his urges. But he was entirely capable of the same brutality as Hannibal Lecter.

Will decided not to answer him, not daring to face his own truths. He rather changed the subject, deciding that he wanted answers about Hannibal rather than answers about his own human, or inhuman, condition.

“How long have you been killing?” Will queried.

“Much longer than you have been alive, dear boy.” Hannibal chuckled.

“How long?” Will asked again, more firmly, wanting direct answers.

“Centuries, now. I was born and raised in Lithuania in the early 1600’s. In… 1634, I believe, I journeyed to Florence. The next year, I was turned. I slaughtered a young girl named Abigail that very night. Too young, too naive, too… Overwhelmed. Desperate. I did not know what I was doing. I had no control over my own instincts at the time. I was horrified at what I had done and starved myself until I physically could not any longer. I tried to live off of animals, but they did not satiate. Each kill became a bit easier. And I have evaded capture all this time.” Hannibal confessed, explaining his story for the first time.

Since Will had first met the vampire, he had always been shrouded with a thick cloak of mystery, never letting on about his past, about who he truly was. He remained so silent about himself. Now puzzle pieces seemed to put themselves together with each word, Dr. Lecter finally letting the wolf into his world. He had once been human, turned to stone over time. Now…

“How many?” Will inquired.

“More than I know to count. Some of the most notorious unsolved crimes that have gone unsolved… They were mine. The West Mesa murders. The Kingsbury Run murders. Jack the Ripper. They were me. I killed all of them. And many more. Some never found. Some never identified.” Hannibal confessed.

“Zodiac?” Will queried with a shaky breath, something teasing in his anxious voice.

“God, no. The Zodiac killer was far too… Sloppy. Disorganized. For my tastes, at least. That was the work of someone else.” Hannibal chuckled.

Quiet laughter filled the air for a moment before falling silent again, the two of them sitting, staring. Will was shaking now, though he wasn't quite sure why. He was not afraid of Hannibal Lecter. He was not frightened. But the adrenaline pulsing through his veins left him shaking, unable to settle down, unable to step back and just breathe.

He closed his eyes for a long moment, inhaling slowly, letting his lungs fill with oxygen, and holding it. He refused to let himself exhale, biting down on his breath and refusing to let out his breath. His body stilled, no longer moving, no longer shaking, no longer trembling. He didn't let himself move for a long time, until his head felt light and the place behind his eyes began to ache, before finally slowly exhaling.

"Why?" Will asked flatly.

"Food. That is all. I try to only take those guilty of some crime against humanity, but all in all, meat is meat. Blood is blood."

Will gulped down hard, absorbing each word that he spoke. His fingers twitched in his lap as waves of emotion began to roll over him, though he wasn't sure how to place what he was feeling. It was like anxiety and enlightenment, like dread and revelation. And hunger. A stab of hunger struck in his belly as he sat there. Hunger for sex, hunger for flesh, lust of the flesh and lust of blood. His teeth began to descend into fangs, sharpened almost painfully so as they raked over his lower lip, but he didn't care.

"You hunger for it, don't you? You hunger for release. Hunger for blood. Hunger for the slaughter. You are tired of being a wolf among sheep, struggling against your primal carnality for their sake, aren't you? You don't want to hide beneath layers of your humanity. You don't want to assimilate. Nor should we. Conformity to the masses is conformity to sheep. We are a higher race, you and I." Hannibal murmured, his voice almost like a spell, luring him into the dark.

"We were them once. Both of us. We were human once." Will whispered beneath sinking eyelids and his own hazy mind.

"And we have evolved."

Will stared at him through the shadows. His maroon eyes were nearly black now, dark through the shadows creeping over them. He was strangely beautiful in ways that Will hadn't noticed before. The way his voice rolled like music off his tongue as he spoke, the dark fire in his eyes when he spoke of what they were, the way that he leaned forward ever so slightly as he grew more and more excited.

"We are higher than they are. We need not assimilate, dear boy. We need not pity them, care for their lives above our own. They are food, William. Food. Sheep. We need not see them as more than that." Hannibal urged.

"It's wrong. They're… They're alive. They feel pain. They feel emotion. They have families and lives. They're like us. They're… They're human. It's… Immoral." Will murmured weakly, trying to cling to whatever shred of humanity was left in him.

“Is it immoral for the lion of feast on the gazelle? Is it immoral for the human to slaughter and mass produce the pig? No. It is sustenance.” Hannibal leaned back with an arrogant look on his face. “In some ways, we are more dignified than them. We have the sense to only kill those deserving. They will slaughter the animals regardless.” The vampire chuckled darkly to himself. “And at least I have the decency to honor them in how they are presented when I am finished with them. I transform wretched, vile human beings into works of art.”

“Is that what you're doing? Transforming them?”

Hannibal let out a small laugh. “No. It's an almost compulsive dedication to aesthetics that drives me to do it. I always have had a bit of a flare for the dramatic, I must admit. I'm an artist above all else. That channels into everything I do, or so I would like to think. It is not about transforming the victim. I am not delusional, nor am I under any impression that I am under some god given mission to change them. I take what I need from them, and after that, I am simply an artist. They are simply new types of canvases.” He explained.

He stared blankly for a long time before finally speaking. “I fear I do not share your dedication to art, Doctor.”

“Nor do you need to. All I wish for you to embrace is your carnality, dear Will. You and I are beasts of instincts and transgressions. Our most primal needs and wants and urges treated as sin. I want nothing more than for you to realize that you commit no sin in giving into your instincts. I want for you to embrace them.” He reached over and took Will’s hands in his. “We are young gods among sheep. They could bow to us. Cower before us. Praise our names. And yet you still make every attempt in repressing your power, hiding what you are like a shameful secret to be kept from the world. What you are should be celebrated, embraced, not hidden away in the dark.”

Will’s eyes locked with Hannibal’s and for a mere moment he agreed entirely with his rhetoric. Something in him still knew it was wrong, at least by human standards, but there was something so entirely right in his speeches and his beliefs at the same time. Something so incredibly alluring about surrendering to his own basic instincts, instincts that he had been fighting against and suppressing since he was a child.

“Your transformation occurs tomorrow night. Join me. It will be early, but I want you in your most primal form to accompany me in the slaughter of my final sinner. If it does not bring you pleasure, if you still see me as a hideous beast, you may turn me into Jack Crawford. I will not flee. I will not resist. But let yourself surrender to your most primal urges for one night. As they say… Don't knock it until you try it.”

Hannibal rose to his feet, towering over Will like a god before him. Will gulped down hard as Hannibal held out a hand for him to take, almost symbolic in their conjoinment. Like an oath among them, among friends, among lovers, among enemies. Taking his hand would be surrendering what morality he had left in him. Man-made morality, man-made murder, man-made mercy. Social constructs, all in all. Evolutionary traits to help the species survive.

They were a new species now. Their human morality now meant nothing.

Will chewed on his lower lip for a moment. He swallowed hard and studied Hannibal over for a long moment. His face was shrouded in shadow, mere feet away and yet Will could not see him clearly. His dark eyes glinted in the low light, devious and cold, yet beautiful and striking, peering straight into Will's soul. Intense. Beautiful. Terrifying. Striking. Hannibal had the wolf sitting there in awe for just a moment.

"Join me." Hannibal murmured, voice sounding the way that Lucifer's may have sounded just before falling from heaven.

Will stood up and took his hand.

The sun was sinking behind the trees, watercolor skies shining down on his boy's face. His blue eyes spoke the wonders of galaxies as he stared up into the sky. It was like a painting created just to be seen by their eyes as they stood their. Sunlight flittered through the leaves, leaving displays of light that they could almost reach out and touch. Hannibal was sensitive to light, but the warm, diluted rays of light of the setting sun always brought him comfort. Especially when Will Graham stood beneath them.

Will had been sitting on edge for most of the day, and Hannibal could feel it in his silence, his refusal to speak. They had spent the day in bed together, not speaking, rather just kissing and touching. Their lips barely parted from sunrise to sunset, only when Will needed to take a breath, or when he was moaning and trembling during orgasm. Hannibal had let his fingers remain between Will's thighs the whole time, either cupping possessively around his flaccid cock or stimulating him until he grew hard again. Will had knotted his hand several times throughout the day, though they hadn't had penetrative sex, deciding against it for the day. They didn't discuss what they were going to do once the sun went down. They didn't dare speak for fear of falling.

Their relationship felt different, almost like they were floating in a void. They weren't quite on the one side, when their relationship had been strictly sexual. They weren't quite on the side of an unbreakable bond that would come with their first kill. They had taken a leap and had yet to land, caught in each other's embrace as they floated through the air until they caught their footing again.

Now they stood in the forest where Hannibal had been working, leaving the bodies. No matter how many police they put out to scour the woods, it was a massive expanse. There were enough people positioned in the woods to find the bodies, but they were always hours too late. They never caught him. Will had come closest, but now he had Will standing by his side. No one would be able to touch them.

Hannibal slowly reached out and took Will by the hand, fingers intertwined. He half expected Will to pull away, but he stayed, squeezing his hand in return, holding tight. The vampire felt his head begin to spin. This was all that he had ever wanted for his Will, all he had ever wanted for both of them. And now it was so close that he could almost taste it. As soon as the sun disappeared beneath the horizon and the full moon began shining down on Will Graham, he would change, transform into the beast he harbored deep within him. Hannibal could watch as he lost control. The thought excited him to say the least.

“When I change… Don't get too close to me. I'm… I'm a wolf. I'm dangerous. I can't control myself. I might hurt you.” Will murmured, eyes fixed on the sky, melting in with the display of color.

“I might want you to.” Hannibal whispered.

Will gulped down hard, and Hannibal slowly reached up and pressed two fingers against his pulse, feeling his heartbeat hammering beneath his fingertips. He was nervous, though it was unclear as to what he was nervous for. Was it murder, his surrender to his own carnality? Was it the transformation that was terrifying to him, knowing that he would no longer be in control of himself? Was it something else entirely? Hannibal wasn't sure, but he gently massaged at the place on his wrist, circling rhythmically in hopes of calming him down.

“It’ll be alright.” Hannibal murmured like an oath, like a promise.

The sky became more blue as twilight came all too quickly. Will wasn't afraid to surrender to instinct. He wasn't afraid to kill alongside his lover. He wasn't afraid of his own carnality. He wasn't even afraid of losing control of himself. He was afraid of the transformation itself. When the moon shined down on him and he began to shift and change, it was pain beyond anything that Will Graham had ever known. Pain shooting through every nerve ending as his body changed and his bones began grinding and shifting… It was the pain that frightened him.

“I'm going to change soon.” Will whispered as the sun began to vanish low beneath the horizon, surrounded by this quiet twilight.

“I know.” Hannibal breathed.

“I'm afraid.” Will confessed. There was no use in faux bravery now. Hannibal could see straight into his soul.

“Of what?” He inquired, reaching up and pressing his lips against his knuckles.

“The pain. The transformation, changing… It hurts. It hurts like hell, Han.” Will murmured, a shudder racing down his spine at the very thought. He could see the moon rising overhead. The sky was growing darker with each passing moment. Mere minutes now.

“It doesn't have to.”

Hannibal sat down in the grass, pulling Will down with him. Will took a seat between Hannibal’s legs, the doctor wrapping his arms right around his boy and pressing kisses down the back of his neck. Will tensed beneath him, but quickly relaxed with each touch. Slowly, Hannibal let his hand slip between his legs, unbuttoning his jeans and freeing his cock. It was mostly soft, but quickly began to harden as Hannibal’s fingers squeezed around his length.

Pleasure shot through the younger man as Hannibal stroked his length slowly, his touches all too caring, all too tender. His body was already overly sensitive from the impending change, and Hannibal’s skilled fingers left him breathless, trembling and moaning as he pressed further against his chest. Hannibal’s lips were pressed against his neck as he stroked faster,

thumb swiping over the ruddy head, pre-cum flowing freely from the slit. Hannibal's thumb swept over the slit, rubbing the pre-cum up and down the shaft of his cock.

He drew in a shaky breath as the moonlight began to shine through the trees, bathing over his pale skin as his breath caught in his throat. Sharp pinpricks of pain pressed into every inch of exposed skin. Will's chest began to heave, pleasure blending with pain as it began to prickle through his skin.The change was coming quickly, as it always did. Pain ripped through his chest as he let out a cry, though he wasn't quite sure whether it was out of pleasure or agony. The feelings mingled, both painfully intense as they sat there.

Will felt the changes beginning to occur, but Hannibal continued touching, even as his transformation began. He knew that Hannibal could feel his body changing; there was no way that he couldn't. And yet the vampire didn't even hesitate, didn't still or stall. He just continued to stroke the younger man's cock, paying attention to the knot as it formed at the base. His hand would glide slowly over the head of his cock before squeezing at the knot, sensations intense through the pain. Will wanted him to stop, wanted him to flee, knowing that he was in danger, but at the same time, he couldn't imagine him ever stopping. Hannibal seemed to sense this and drew closer, curling around Will tightly as the younger man began to squirm and writhe. Hannibal Lecter was not afraid.

Will could feel it all, every shift and change exaggerated to over-responsive senses. He could feel his hair beginning to thicken and grow from each hair follicle, growing in thicker, coarse gray hairs protruding from places that were otherwise bare. His bones began to shift, grinding roughly against each other as they took their new shape, audibly cracking as he doubled over, but Hannibal didn't stop. Pain shot through him, drawing an agonized cry from his lips, but Hannibal began to stroke faster, harder, distracting from the pain.

"You need… *Ah!* You need to get away from me." Will begged, pleading with him to back away. He was dangerous. He could hurt the man that he had perhaps fallen in love with, and if he did, he would never forgive himself.

Will Graham was dangerous. The animal within him, the beast lurking just below the surface, was dangerous. A monster, a beast. The beast within had almost supernatural strength, enough to tear him apart with hardly any effort, enough to leave Hannibal's remains unrecognizable. He was a monster with no control over what he did or who he hurt, his only objective being to slaughter and destroy. None of Will's own morality remained when he transformed, left with nothing but primal carnality. No murder, no mercy, nothing but the hunt.

Will Graham was a dangerous man.

So was Hannibal Lecter.

He was not about to run. Hannibal's strokes grew faster as he watched his lover transform, his own erection forming in his slacks as he watched, some beautiful mixture of pain and pleasure as the change occurred. His nails sharpened into long, black claws, digging deep into the earth beneath him. His bone structure began to shift and change beneath his touch, feeling his bones crack and shift beneath him. His shirt and jeans began to tear to shreds, coarse hair springing from the tears in his clothes. He felt a thick bulge in the back of his

jeans where his tail had grown, feeling it twitch and squirm as it tried to free itself. Hannibal's breathing grew heavier, shallower, as his hand stroked faster, his body trembling. He was so beautiful

Through the pleasure and the pain, Will let out a howl. His face contorted and shifted, features and structure becoming wolf-like as his teeth began to sharpen into fangs in his mouth, back arching sharply as pain shot through him with each agonizing grind of bone. Hannibal wouldn't move, wouldn't run, even as Will began losing his conscious thought, devolving quickly. The gruesome changes didn't seem to even stir the vampire as his fingers continued working around his swollen, expanding length.

The agony seemed to dull Hannibal reached around with his other hand and cupped a hand around his balls, massaging at the velvety skin there as he stroked faster, rougher, even through Will's writhing and trembling. Hannibal's nose buried into the fur that had sprouted from his neck, inhaling him as he stroked faster, drawing Will closer and closer to orgasm, even through the hell of his transformation.

"Run!" Will shrieked, begging Hannibal to run, to get away from him.

"I am not afraid of you." Hannibal murmured in his ear.

With that, Will's orgasm took him over, dizzying and blindingly wonderful, the pain and pleasure creating something like pure ecstasy as he lost himself to his own orgasm. It was more than anything that Will had ever felt before, more intense than any pleasure that had ever taken him before. Bursts of white light exploded behind his eyes, taking any rational thought from him, lulling him into the dark as he came back down.

Hannibal's fangs bared as his lips parted in a smile, satisfied as Will howled in pleasure, his seed spilling over the vampire's hand for just a moment. As he came, his transformation came to an end, Will disappearing behind a cage of bone and fur, into the beast that he harbored inside. He sat for a moment, still for mere moments before leaping away, the beast regaining himself, coming back to his senses, melting back into his basic carnality, shaking off any residual hormones that had flooded through him with his orgasm.

The beast was larger than other dogs, other wolves, nearly standing at the same height as the vampire. His fur was dark gray, almost black in the moonlight and shadows, coarse but neat. He stood in a position that challenged his opponent, kneeling slightly toward the ground, ears pulled back flat against his head, lips pulled back as he bared his fangs in a snarl, tail tucked between his legs. He was a beast ready to attack, perhaps ready to attack Hannibal himself, but the doctor was not afraid. Hannibal had never been afraid of Will Graham, and he was not afraid now.

Hannibal rose to his feet slowly, not caring to startle the beast. He kept his hands in the air for a moment, a gesture of surrender, making sure that he did not challenge or provoke. He was not afraid of Will, but he certainly was not going to be careless. The wolf in front of him had once been Will Graham, but it no longer retained his consciousness or morality or higher brain function. He was just that. A wolf. A dangerous animal that was not to be fooled around with. Hannibal was not afraid, but he was not stupid, either.

As he stood straight once again, he raised one hand, the hand that had been covered in Will's release. His semen dripped from his fingers, covering his digits and palm, the smell sweet and earthy and strong, strong enough that he knew that Will could smell it. Smell his own scent covering Hannibal's hand. He gulped down hard and reached out to the beast, getting close enough so that the beast could sniff him out, but not close enough to touch.

Will stopped baring his fangs, but still seemed wary. Hannibal slowly pulled his hand back toward himself, showing something like solidarity, though he wasn't quite sure what to describe the act as. He brought one finger to his lips and slipped it into his mouth, sucking it clean, the familiar taste of his Will coating his tongue. He wasn't sure if it was a gesture meant to establish some bond of trust, or whether it was out of his own depraved desires, but Will seemed to relax a bit, watching him as he sucked his digits clean before reaching out again, allowing Will to sniff him out.

"Will…" Hannibal whispered.

The wolf let out a small huff of breath. Not a growl, not a snarl, just a small huff. Will had changed entirely, but the one thing that remained the same about him were his eyes. Blue eyes looked up at him in the same way that they always did, dominant and strong, dissonant and unstable, warm and alive… Altogether, he was just *Will.*

Hannibal let out a shaky breath and reached into the pocket of his suit jacket, pulling out a white handkerchief, now stained and still dripping with blood. The scent hit him hard, and even having fed the very night before, it brought a stab of hunger into his stomach. He watched as Will's eyes scanned it over, tongue running over his lips, staring hungrily at it, both of them primal creatures, desperate to feed. Desperate to feast.

The blood was not his own, but the blood of their newest victim. He had decided to allow Will to track and hunt, just like any other wolf, letting him hunt for his prey. This time it was an arrogant man, a man who had kicked his gay son out of his home for the sake of his pride. The last victim of this piece, of this piece of artwork, was already strung up. Hannibal had let his blade sink into his stomach beforehand - not a fatal wound, but enough for him to bleed quite a bit. Hannibal had covered the handkerchief with blood, and would let Will trace the scent, making a game out of this.

Hannibal took a cautious step forward, then another, and another. Will remained still, tense but not looking like he was ready to attack. Hannibal held out the handkerchief for him, allowing Will to sniff as Hannibal reached out and touched at his head, running his fingers through the soft fur between his ears. Most of his fur was almost perfectly straight, coarse and rough, but the at the top of his head was softer, silkier, a bit curlier than the rest, feeling more like Will's hair.

Hannibal could feel a small rumble coming from Will's chest, a bloodthirsty growl, hungry and carnal. A smile tinged at Hannibal's lips, tongue running over his fangs as he watched Will's eyes grow dark with the bloodlust. He pulled the bloody cloth away and stuffed it into his back pocket, patting Will's back twice.

"Go get him, boy." Hannibal murmured against Will's ear before stepping back and letting his wolf run free.

Birds chirped as sunlight shined in his eyes. His brow furrowed and he started to raise a hand to block it, but winced with a small whine, muscles aching as he moved. He let out a groan as he closed his eyes, arms falling to his sides as he clenched his eyes shut. His entire body throbbed with a dull ache, head pounding, muscles burning… He whined pathetically as he lay there, limp. This was not an uncommon occurrence. He always woke up sore after the full moon, always feeling like he'd been hit by a fucking bus. This was no different.

Well, perhaps a bit different.

He remembered more of what had happened than he ever had before. It wasn't entirely coherent, and he was still losing time, but there were more flashes than before. A flash of blood splattering against leaves. Hannibal's long, slender fingers dipped in the blood and writing the word "PRIDE" in big red letters against the bark of the tree. The body of their victim slumped and barely even recognizable now, limbs gone and chunks gone. It was less bloody than what would've been expected, but Hannibal had drained him before letting Will at him. He could remember the taste of raw flesh in his mouth. It was choppy and jumbled, but he *remembered.*

"Good morning." A voice came from the tree line.

With an audible groan, he let his head fall to the side, seeing Hannibal standing just beneath the shadow of the trees, cloaked in shade as he stood watching. The navy blue suit that he had been wearing the night before was gone now, leaving only his trousers and a bloodied white button down. His hair was in disarray, or at least more than it typically was. Typically, he was neat and studious, but now he looked a bit more human, a bit more messy. The thought brought a small smile to his lips. Hannibal Lecter seeming almost human, just as messy and just as disorganized. He wasn't really so much higher. Will wondered how long he had been standing there.

"Morning." He croaked, voice hoarse. It felt raw, like he had done a lot of growling and barking and howling the night before. Perhaps he had.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal inquired. He would've stepped closer to have a look for himself, but decided against it. The sun was bright this morning, almost painfully so, and Hannibal didn't want to step out into direct sunlight. It wouldn't burn him alive, engulfing him in flames as they depicted in the movies. It wouldn't kill him, turn him to a pile of ashes. It wouldn't do any of that. It was merely a sensitivity, an inconvenience. A pain in the ass, if you will.

"Sore. Tired." Will answered. He glanced down between his legs, finding himself naked, his cock straining against his hip. Fucking morning wood. He had always viewed it as an inconvenience, especially on these mornings, when he was too sore and too tired to reach down and do anything about it. But it was there, as it always was. "Horny."

Hannibal chuckled, leaning against a tree. He was too far away. If he could've had his way, he would've been riding Will's cock fast and hard by now, the adrenaline still pulsing through his veins, but that wasn't what Will needed right now. He needed his rest. He needed to sleep,

to recover from the whole ordeal. When the sun started to rise over the horizon, Will had laid down in that field, and his screams had been inhuman, horrifically pained in a way that made Hannibal want to cover his ears and flee, his heart unable to take seeing his lover that way. He couldn't imagine that Will felt well.

"Can you make your way over here? I will carry you home, I just… I don't want to be in the direct sunlight." Hannibal informed.

Will let out a small whine, not wanting to even think about standing, about walking, but he nodded. Slowly, pain shooting through him with every movement, he rolled over onto his stomach before forcing himself to his knees. Standing would've been too much work, especially in the clearing, where he had no trees to hold onto and steady himself. He decided that crawling would be enough, making his way slowly toward the tree line where Hannibal stood, looking overly concerned for him. He could tell that the doctor's instinct was to go over and help him, but he couldn't. Not with the early morning light.

With an overly dramatic sigh, he flopped bonelessly at the feet of his lover. Hannibal stared down at him for a moment, a small smile playing over his lips at his overreaction. He was sore, but not in so much pain that he needed to act like that. Will smiled back in return before raising one arm, hoping to be helped to his feet, but rather, Hannibal leaned down and began to pick him up with some superhuman strength, beginning to carry him bridal style.

"Hell no." Will protested, squirming against him. "I'm a little sore. I don't need you to carry me all the way home."

"Perhaps I want to. I have submitted to you for the past six months, Will. I have loved every second of it, but it is not my nature. Allow me to care for you. Be weak for me. Let me be strong for you. Please." Hannibal pleaded.

He didn't want to show weakness. Not after last night, not after being so strong, not after being so *powerful,* but Hannibal wanted it. Hannibal wanted his chance to be strong for him. Hannibal had feigned weakness for his sake, so that he could get off. He had given away his dignity, submitting to the wolf for sake of his own ego. Will could do this for him.

He sighed, and let him.

Hannibal lifted him easily, effortlessly, the monster within him granting him with superhuman strength. He cradled the younger man in his arms, holding him like a groom holding his bride, carrying him across the threshold as he turned back into the forest, escaping through the trees. Will's head leaned against his shoulder, chest rising and falling against his with each breath. His body was warm, perhaps a bit fevered, but alive. Oh, so alive.

"Do you remember last night? Or is it like every other week? Did giving in bring new memory?" Hannibal queried after a few minutes of walking, nose pressed into his curls, breathing him in. His nude form was splattered with dried blood, and he still smelled like it. Like blood and death. The scent of him drew his arousal from him, leaving him wanting. Needing.

He had been beautiful in his carnality. Majestic. Dominant. Still entirely *Will*. Hannibal would've thought him to change entirely, wouldn't have thought that he would still be like his Will when he took the form of the beast within, but he was still undeniably *Will*. He was dominant, powerful, as growly as he always was. It almost reminded him of how Will behaved in bed, when he was pinning him down and fucking him mercilessly. Only this time, there was much more bloodshed.

"Bits and pieces." Will muttered. "I remember treating the guy like a fucking chewtoy."

Hannibal let out a chuckle.

"I remember the taste of blood. I remember how fucking good it was. I remember… I remember watching the life drain from him. I remember watching you drain him dry. I remember how… How fucking good it was to just let go." He confessed in all seriousness.

"I've never seen you so free. For the entirety of our relationship, you have been restrained. You've had the expression of a dog on a leash. When I let you fuck me, it was as though someone had lengthened your rope… But this was the first time that I have ever seen you fully and genuinely freed from your restraints." Hannibal commented.

"It was freeing. It was like… It was like being truly alive for the first time."

Hannibal smiled, feeling pride swelling in his chest. His first kill had not been intentional. It had not been some freeing experience. It had weighed heavily on his soul for years, this man-made concept of morality leaving him feeling like some sort of abomination. It was a frenzied experience, too hungry and desperate for food to take his time and enjoy it. He was glad that Will's experience had been different from his. He was glad to know that Will would not feel the same guilt and shame, glad to know that Will was happy in his surrender.

"We can never be truly alive until we stop wearing our leashes. They are your instincts. Yours and mine. They are not sins, not transgressions. They are just instincts." Hannibal murmured with a small smile.

"Yeah." He sighed. "Meat is meat."

"And blood is blood."

Hannibal ran a cool rag over Will's forehead. He had put him to bed once they had gotten home, showered, letting Will rest. He seemed to have a slight fever, though he insisted that he felt mostly fine, aside from being a bit achey. But Hannibal was having none of it. He may have been a murderer, a monster, even, but at the end of the day, he was still a doctor. He was a caregiver. And he was going to take care of the person he cared about most.

"I swear, I'm fine." Will protested as he ran the damp rag over his sweating forehead, curls matted against his scalp. "It's always like this."

"You need your rest." Hannibal said, refusing to budge.

“I don’t want to rest.” Will whined before grabbing his wrist and pulling him down close enough to whisper in his ear, despite the fact that there was no one else to hear them. “I want to make love to you.”

Hannibal rolled his eyes before sitting the rag on the nightstand next to them, shifting so that he was facing his boy more directly. “Still horny, I see.” Hannibal teased.

Will just smirked.

“Well,” Hannibal started, slowly tugging the covers back and revealing Will’s bare skin. “I have read where there have been some studies that suggest that orgasm can help break a fever.” He breathed, seduction dripping from each word as he revealed Will’s dripping erection. “So I suppose…” The vampire straddled the younger man’s hips. “It couldn’t hurt…”

Will’s chest began to heave, desperate to be sheathed inside of his lover. Part of him wanted to turn them over and plow into him, fuck him roughly and desperately, but he was too sore. Hannibal would finally get some chance at domination, controlling the speed and pace this time, being entirely in control of what they did until they both climaxed and came down from this high. Hannibal had truly been the one in control of the whole relationship this whole time, if he was being truly honest with himself. Now he was finally allowed to be in control in the bedroom.

He watched as Hannibal slowly stripped himself of his clothes, the awkwardness of the positioning being a bit of a pain to work around, but Hannibal still made it look sexy. He made most things look sexy, if Will was to be quite honest with himself. He smiled as Hannibal discarded of his pajama bottoms, tossing them to the side as he planted himself back down, pressed up against Will’s belly, deliberately avoiding his cock. Instead, he rocked back and forth, cock pressed against the younger man’s skin, painfully hard and begging for friction. Perhaps foreplay was a bad idea this time.

Without a word, he leaned over top of Will and grabbed the lube off of the nightstand. Will watched, panting as Hannibal drizzled some of the lube over his fingers, reaching behind himself and pressing a finger inside of himself. Hannibal noticed the lust in Will’s eyes as he fucked himself on his own fingers, first one, then two, then three. He hardly needed preparation, never really did. He let his moves exaggerate, let his moans come out more freely than necessary. And with each gliding movement, with each whimpered noise, he noticed the lust in Will’s eyes grow stronger.

”Jesus, fuck… Han, please.” Will pleaded, begging the older man to hurry the fuck up. He needed it, needed to be sheathed inside of his damp heat, needed to be surrounded by him. He needed his lover.

Hannibal smirked and reached between his legs, grasping Will’s cock, feeling him pulse and twitch beneath his touch. Slowly, he lined the head of Will’s cock up to his own hole, slowly sinking down onto his shaft. Will watched as his cock disappeared into Hannibal’s tight heat, leaving him gasping and panting for breath, clutching at the sheets beneath him as Hannibal settled, accommodating to his girth, taking a moment to adjust to the feeling of fullness.

Once Will's cock was fully sheathed inside of him, Hannibal reached down between them, gently touching at the downy hair that dusted Will's belly, down to the warm patch of pubic hair. He gently touched at the place where they were conjoined, lifting his own cock and testicles a bit so that he could feel. He touched lightly at his rim, at the base of Will's forming knot for a long moment, before his own need drove him to squirming and grinding.

Biting down on his lower lip, he pulled himself up before sinking back down, and repeated the movement, bouncing up and down on the younger man's length. He leaned back slightly, angled so that Will's cock struck precisely against his prostate with each and every movement, sending waves of pleasure through each inch of his body. It started as tight coils of pleasure in his lower belly, slowly blossoming and spreading through him as he moved.

"Fuck… Han, you're so fucking good. God, you're so fucking tight. So fucking warm… *Fuck.*" Will murmured, almost like a prayer.

Hannibal smirked down at his boy before reaching between his own legs, tightening a hand around his cock, stroking himself in time with his thrusts. Fast, sloppy, rough, desperate. His fingers moved with smooth precision, touching himself in the same way that he touched himself when he was alone, but it was so much better, infinitely better.

Will's hips instinctively began to thrust up into him, pushing deeper inside, unable to help himself. His mind began to spin as he lay there, lost in pleasure, practically drowning. The aches and groans of his tired bones began to subside, drowned out by the intensity of his pleasure, the tight heat wrapped so tightly around his cock being almost too much for him to handle, letting out quiet moans as Hannibal rode him.

"Fuck... Tell… Tell me what it feels when you consume another living thing…. Tell me what it feels like when you devour and consume and take in someone else." Will murmured. He had consumed and tasted flesh the night before, giving into his own carnality, but he hadn't been able to savor it. But Hannibal… Hannibal had years of experience.

His fangs lowered in his mouth, dragging over his bottom lip as Will spoke. Chest heaving, he slowly reached down and took Will's hand. He knew that he was still sore, but his muscles had seemed to relax in the past few hours, at least enough to reach up and touch. He pulled Will's fingers to the column of his neck, pressing his fingers there. "It's warmth rushing down my throat…" He moved his fingers downward, over my chest. "Down through my chest…" He pulled his hand down, until it rested over his belly. "It blossoms here. Warmth spreading through my body. It's nourishment in ways mere mortals cannot comprehend... They are free to eat whenever they please. They are gluttonous fools. They cannot appreciate it. I… I appreciate each and every drop."

His words were spoken seductively, with all composure, even as he continued to fuck himself down on Will's cock. Will could barely keep his eyes open, could barely keep from moaning, shuddering, already so close to coming. He could feel his balls drawing tight against his body as Hannibal continued to work over top of him, the damp heat of him contracting and twitching at their shared pleasure.

"What's it feel like to take my cock? When… When that greedy fucking hole of yours devours my cock?" Will growled, teeth baring as he delivered one, two, three brutal thrusts

up into his lover.

Hannibal's breath caught in his throat for a mere moment before holding Will's hand over his belly even tighter, holding him close as he continued bouncing up and down on the wolf's cock. He ran his tongue over his lower lip as he trembled, grinding down hard on him. He could feel the younger man's knot beginning to form, pressing and stretching at his rim, the sensations so blindingly intense…

"Much in the same." He murmured, that being all he was able to get out before letting out a cry, Will thrusting roughly up into him, drawing a sharp cry from his lips.

Will reached out and grabbed Hannibal by the hips, holding him tight, trying to gain some amount of control as to how much pleasure was given, at the pace and speed, but Hannibal batted him away, refusing to submit. This newfound dominance, or perhaps the dominance that had always been lurking just below the surface, had Will's head spinning. The way he moved reminded him of the way that Hannibal had moved the night before. Blind primal urges mixed with Hannibal's grace and elegance… It was fucking beautiful.

"I… I saw the way that you looked at me. The other night, when I caught you… You looked at me like you wanted to kill me. Like you were considering it." Will whispered as he reached up to touch Hannibal's neck again, fingers curling tight around it. He could've squeezed tight enough to kill him, but withheld, rather just teasing at the thought. "How would you have done it?"

Hannibal didn't skip a beat. "With my hands. I would have done it up close… I would have taken my own blade and I would have cut a line here." He drew a line in the center of his abdomen. "Deep enough to kill you, but not immediately. It would have taken time. And you would have suffered, but your suffering would have been in my arms. I would had laid you down and told you all of the things I wanted for you. For both of us. Then I would have sucked the blood from your wounds and held you until you drifted off to sleep. Until you fell limp in my arms."

He had loved Will Graham, and supposed that he always would. He would have taken him out of this world in a way that would've shown his affection, his love. But now he knew that he could not kill Will Graham, not even if he wanted to. He could not live without his wolf. They were conjoined, and he doubted that either of them could survive separation.

The very thought of it had the wolf growing harder inside of his lover, if that was even possible. He moaned at the thought, the thought of his own death. It was some sick masochism that shouldn't have aroused him, but it did. The idea of Hannibal drawing the blood from his veins, the thought of him licking it away, the thought of the vampire consuming him… It was frighteningly arousing to him. The thought of such violence arousing him in the way that it did filled him with shame, shame put there by society and evolution's stigma against his kind, but he didn't care. He delivered another brutal thrust into Hannibal's body as his eyes rolled back and his back arched sharply.

He leaned forward, draping himself over his lover. His cock wasn't sheathed as deeply inside, but with each squirming grind, with each thrust of Will's hips from below, it nudged directly, insistently against his prostate, drawing small whines from his throat, unable to control

himself. His nails dug into Will's shoulders, clinging to him in ways new to both of them. It was the sort of clinging that wasn't just a product of sex, but some product of true emotions. Like he was holding to him for dear life. Like he was truly afraid of letting go.

"How would you kill me?" He inquired, genuine curiosity getting the better of him.

"Up close." He whispered, breath hot against Hannibal's ear. "I would have fucked you first. Pinned you to the bed like I always do. I would tie you down and dominate you.Then… I would have slit your throat. Let you bleed out all over me. It would've been quick, but intimate." Will reached up slowly with one hand and wrapped his fingers around his throat. "That, or I would choke you. Strangle you while I fucked you. Squeeze tighter…" *Thrust.* "And tighter…" *Thrust.* "And tighter…" *Thrust.* "Until you stopped moving. Until you stopped resisting."

Hannibal let out a whine before forcing himself into silence, biting down into Will's neck, narrowly missing his major arteries. He suckled at the blood as it sprung up into his mouth, satiating him more than anything that he had ever tasted in his life. The warmth rushed down his throat, spreading through his belly.

A growl rumbled through his chest as he leaned closer into Hannibal's touch. The sharp pain rippled down his neck, but he didn't mind, the feeling of Hannibal draining him, sucking him dry leaving him dizzy, room spinning around them as he let his fingers, now sharpened into claws, dug into the pale skin of the vampire's back. Eight rows of raised, pink lines perked up in his skin, as they always did, their pain and pleasure shared…

Hannibal pulled himself away slightly and inhaled sharply, trying to maintain some semblance of composure, though that hardly seemed to be happening. After it all, after their consummation, after the months that Hannibal had spent nudging him toward embracing his true nature… He could hardly hold himself together. Nor did he really want to. He had spent so much time calculating every movement, every word, and now it felt like he was free. How could he still cling to this carefully crafted composure when Will had already seen his bared soul?

"Knot me." Hannibal whispered, breath blowing hot against Will's ear.

Will didn't think. He just obeyed. With a final punch of his hips, his knot caught past the rim, tying them together as it popped and his seed spilled into Hannibal's body. His orgasm took him over, leaving him moaning as his nails sunk deep into Hannibal's skin, head rolling back in sheer pleasure. The world dipped and swayed around him. He'd never knotted anything other than his own hand, but this… This was positively mind-blowing.

As the semen filled him, warmth spreading through his belly, Hannibal was pushed over the edge, hot ropes of cum spurting from his cock, smearing all over their bellies. The doctor didn't mind the mess though, collapsing over top of him, careful not to tug at the place where they were tied. He could feel his knot tying him together, cock twitching inside of him as he came hard. It was nothing like anything that he had ever experienced in his lifetime, in all of the centuries that he had been alive. It was a connection on a physical level, but it felt deeper than that, like that were conjoined in mind, body, and soul.

He could feel the hot flood of seed flooding through him, and for a moment he wished that Will could breed him, that they could create life together, that they could create some perfect storm together. He pushed the thought away though, knowing that it was impossible. But the idea of it, the idea of carrying Will's child… It wasn't unappealing.

Hannibal let out a sigh and leaned against Will's chest, the younger man wrapping his arms around him tightly as they lay there, falling in together.

"I love you." Will murmured, rubbing circles into the skin of Hannibal's back, letting his fingers trace over the places where the skin was raised from his nails.

"I know."

"What is this?" Will inquired, sitting across the long dining room table from his lover.

"Who." Hannibal corrected.

"I know who it is, dipshit. What'd you make?"

"Leg. Smoked in thyme. Glazed and served on a sugarcane quill. Yours, I served rare. I know that you enjoy your meat nearly raw."

Hannibal sat out several pieces on a plate for Will before preparing his own plate. Will looked down at it with a smirk. Not aged long, not as long as Hannibal typically let it age. But they had wanted to eat this one quickly.

"Sounds delicious."

"Yes. I wish you could remember his face when he realized that it was you and I. It was a face of shock that I have never seen in my life. The man was truly oblivious until the very end."

"It might come back. I'm getting back memories more often now. They come in dreams."

"Would that be why you are constantly waking me up at absurd hours of the morning because you have an erection?"

Will stuck out his tongue and took a bite of his dinner.

"How does our dear friend taste?" Hannibal inquired.

"Like lamb."

"Well, Mr. Crawford did only have the intelligence of a sheep."

Will smiled and took another bite.

It was always nice to have an old friend for dinner.

Chapter End Notes

IT IS FINALLY DONE! This got unexpectedly kinky.

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